The Revolt Against Freedom

DC February 8, 1968 35¢

MARITAIN ON VATICAN II

THE REPORTER

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Construction workers from the Phillips plant enjoy one of the rewards of payday in the plaza at Guayama.

Payday in Guayama—a true story from today's Puerto Rico

"WHAT IS HAPPENING is big, wonderful, wonderful."

"Life is good...now my boys can go to college."

These happy comments come from two townsmen of Guayama. And what is happening there is the arrival of two giant projects for Phillips Petroleum: a $75 million plant to produce benzene, toluene and xylene and an $80 million nylon fibers plant—a joint venture with Rhone-Poulenc of France.

Together, these two construction projects are now bringing $2 million every month to this once-poor sugarcane town. Together, they offer new prospects to U.S. companies manufacturing plastic and nylon products.

The Phillips projects at Guayama are just two of the latest developments in the Commonwealth's vigorous petrochemical complex. Every payday seems to bring announcements of new expansions by Union Carbide, or Commonwealth Oil, or Hooker, or Shell.

For petrochemical companies too, what is happening in Puerto Rico is "big, wonderful, wonderful."

Commonwealth of Puerto Rico • Economic Development Administration • 666 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

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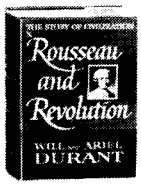

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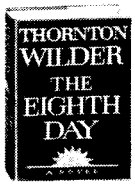

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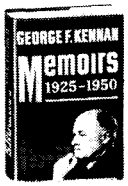

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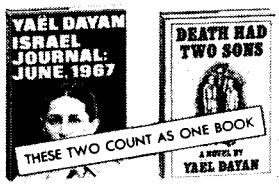

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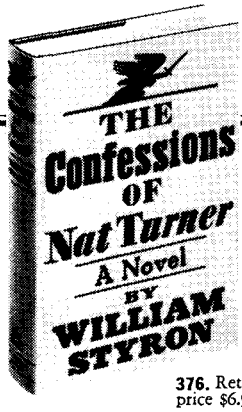

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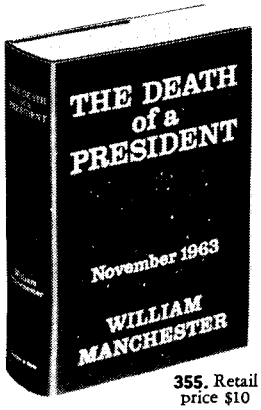

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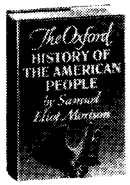

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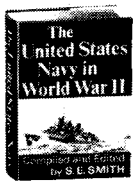

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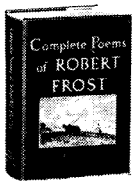

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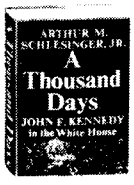

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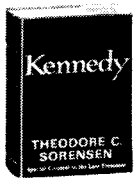

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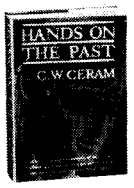

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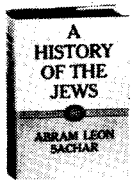

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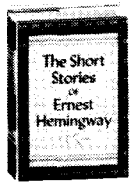

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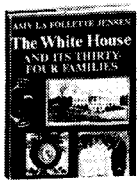

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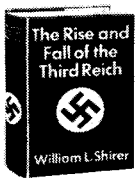

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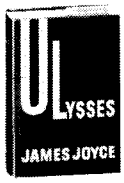

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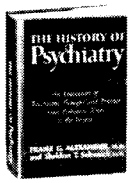

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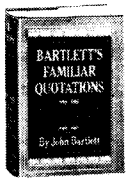

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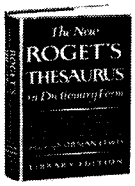

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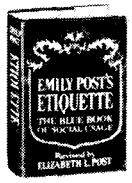

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

AMID all the discussion about what is a liberal—to which we have contributed in the past—not enough attention has been devoted to what a liberal is *not*. This subject is of fundamental importance. A liberal should not be against liberty. To be sure, there can be disagreement among us over vital issues, but not to the point we are witnessing today—the dangerous tendency among a frustrated segment of the liberals to make common cause with illiberal elements on such questions as the war in Vietnam and civil rights. Often this is done in the name of tolerance or to vent frustration in action, but tolerance or activism that strengthens the forces of intolerance and destructiveness is by definition not liberal, and to follow this line is fatal to all that a liberal stands for. This warning is sounded by **William P. Gerberding,** associate professor of political science at the University of California at Los Angeles. . . . . An example of liberalism in action against radical turbulence is provided by the new mayor of Berlin, Klaus Schütz, who has had to contend with student demonstrations staged by anti-democratic extremists which are ominously reminiscent of the 1920's. The prestige of German Socialists and the very continuance of West Germany's coalition government may depend on Schütz's ability to maintain a strong liberal presence in Berlin, according to **James P. O'Donnell.** Mr. O'Donnell reports for *Newsweek* from Berlin.

WHEN Congress passed the multi-billion-dollar Interstate Defense Highway program in 1956, cities welcomed the prospect of almost free high-speed transportation lanes that would revive dying downtown districts. More than a decade later, they are now trying desperately to shake off the concrete nooses the highway engineers have drawn about them. **Priscilla Dunhill,** a free-lance writer, describes the efforts of the new Federal Highway Administrator to integrate highways into urban environments. . . . As the burden of fighting in Vietnam falls increasingly on U.S. soldiers, the role of the American officers who advise South Vietnamese units receives less attention. **Peter A. A. Berle,** who has served in Vietnam as an officer and as a Defense Department adviser, underscores the importance of these men and suggests how they may be better used. Mr. Berle is a New York attorney. . . . As a Republican Representative from Maryland's Sixth District since 1961, **Charles McC. Mathias, Jr.,** has had to learn how to thread the labyrinth of Washington committeedom. . . . The Supreme Court will soon rule on cases involving police powers to "stop and frisk" persons on suspicion of criminal activity. **Richard H. Kuh,** a New York attorney, discusses the implications of the issue. He is the author of *Foolish Figleaves? Pornography In—and Out of—Court* (Macmillan).

Jacques Maritain caused a storm in France with the publication, late in 1966, of *Le Paysan de la Garonne.* The book, a sharp condemnation of neo-modernism—"kneeling before the world"—will be published in this country on February 29 by Holt, Rinehart and Winston under the title *The Peasant of the Garonne: An Old Layman Questions Himself About the Present Time.* The English translators are Michael Cuddihy and Elizabeth Hughes. Our excerpts reflect the three moods of the text—jubilation, criticism, and contemplation. . . . **Daniel Hoffman's** next collection of poems, *Striking the Stones,* is due from Oxford University Press in April. . . . **Roland Gelatt** edits *High Fidelity.* . . . **Andrew M. Greeley,** Senior Study Director of the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago, and a priest active in archdiocesan, sociological, and community affairs, is writing a detective novel in what passes for his spare time. His most recent book is *The Changing Catholic College* (Aldine). . . . **Gerald Weales** describes the work of Wole Soyinka, perhaps better known in this country for his political problems than for his art. Mr. Soyinka is published here by Oxford University Press, and the double bill mentioned is included in the volume *Five Plays.* . . . **David Littlejohn** teaches at the University of California (Berkeley). He is the author of *Black on White* (Grossman) and the editor of *Dr. Johnson: His Life in Letters* (Prentice-Hall, hard cover and paperback). . . . *The Community of Europe,* by **Richard Mayne,** is published by Peter Smith in hard cover and by Norton in paperback. . . . **Robert Sklar** is a member of the faculty at the University of Michigan, and the author of *F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocoön* (Oxford University Press). . . . The richly detailed portrait of the Artist at Work is by **Fernando Krahn.**

Our cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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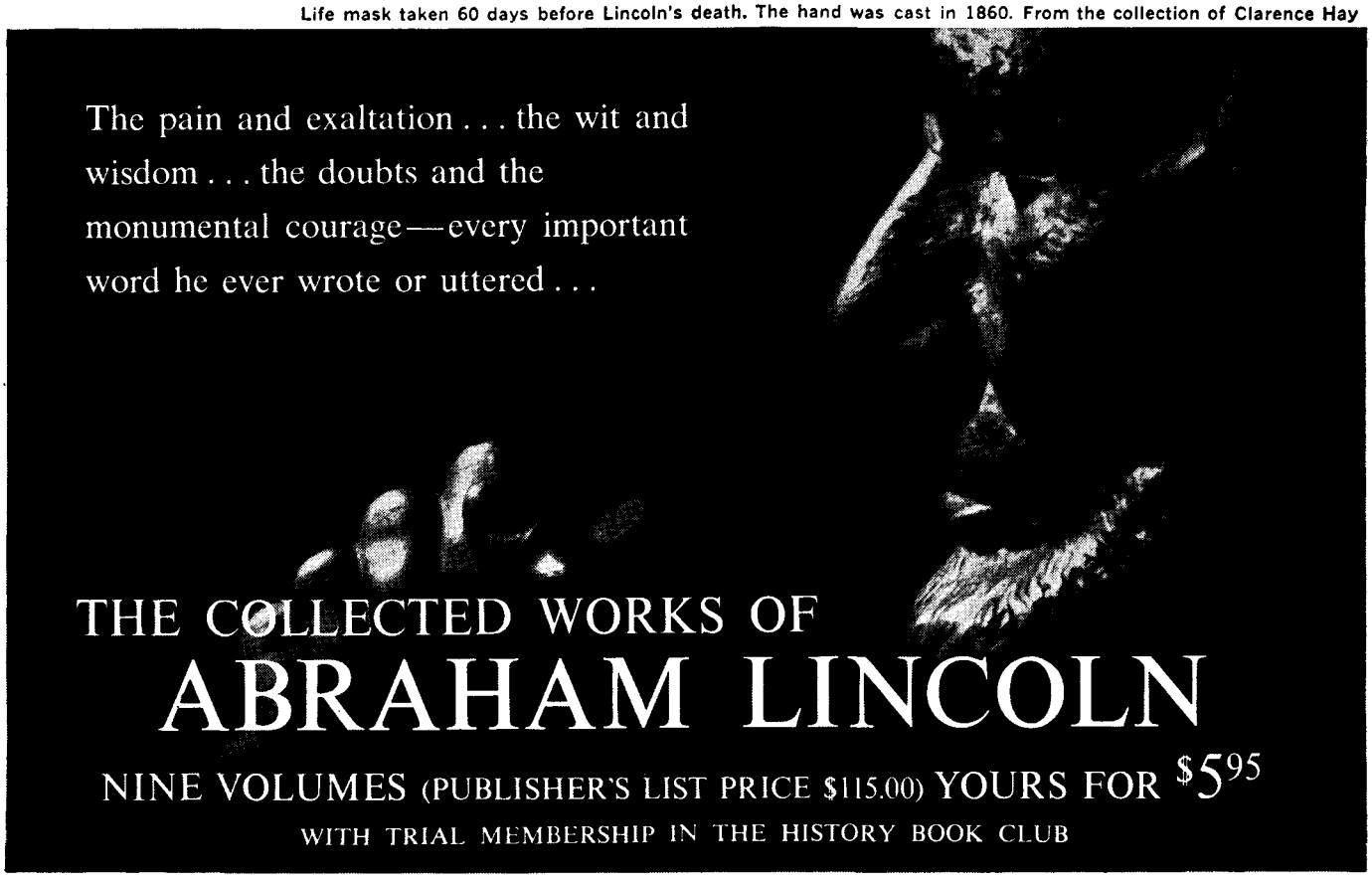
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay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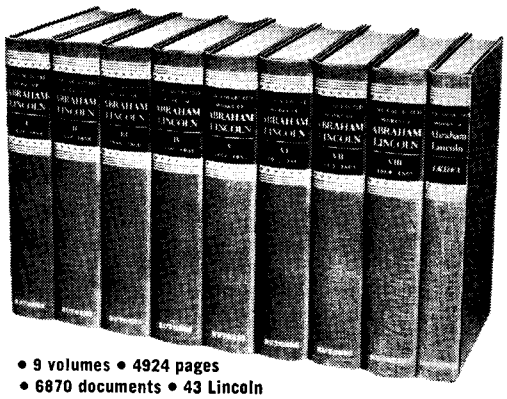

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE PRESS IN DETROIT

To the Editor: Your magazine has long enjoyed a high reputation for fairness and integrity. It is distressing, therefore, to encounter such blatant disregard for accuracy of fact and perspective as is exhibited by your publication of "Detroit's Press Profiteers" by William Serrin and Gene Goltz (*The Reporter*, January 11).

It reads as if it were a propaganda piece for the Detroit *Free Press* and Detroit *News*. By emphasizing the profit motive of the interim newspapers, the article generates the impression that the strike newspapers exist only out of greed while the struck papers, also business ventures, operate only on virtue. The only places in Detroit where the interim papers are called "the Vulture Press" are the *Free Press* and the *News*.

The tone of the article is anti-union, which is surprising in *The Reporter*.

By failing to point out that the *Daily Press* was not organized before the shutdown as the *Express* was (i.e., not explaining why the *Press* was "without the services of a national news wire"), you imply that the *Press* was likewise ready and primed to go when the strike came.

Your worst offense is perpetration of complete falsehoods, such as "invented Washington and London bureaus." We've never claimed to have a London bureau and our Washington bureau is a bona fide one staffed by two well-known capital-beat reporters—Sarah McClendon and Robert Walters. Nor did you bother to explain that the *Daily Press* had no news wire because United Press International refuses to sell to us and is currently the defendant in a $7.5-million antitrust suit for likewise refusing in 1964.

What makes it all particularly strange is that both of the writers, in addition to knowing all this, drew top salaries at the *Daily Press*—the very "Vulture Press" they slandered—while and after they wrote this article for you.

ALBERT L. HOLTZ
Executive Editor
JAMES H. DYGERT
Managing Editor
The Detroit *Daily Press*

The authors reply:

Although the *Daily Press* did not actually set up before the strike, it was all ready to go. Its corporate structure had been kept intact since the last strike in 1964 awaiting this opportunity. As for its lack of wire services, both the Associated Press and the United Press International were available but only for a minimum contract of two years.

If the definition of a bureau is an office staffed by a full-time reporter, the paper had no bureaus and no plans to organize any. Its "correspondents" were stringers for other papers and were hired by the *Daily Press* on a part-time basis.

Anti-union? It is just because we, as members of the American Newspaper Guild, are in favor of collective bargaining that we oppose its distortion to further the fast-buck schemes of a small group of union members.

We did not invent the epithet "the Vulture Press" but merely picked it up. It is an apt description that has gained meaning throughout the journalistic community and with the public as well. It was by virtue of our employment on the *Daily Press* that we were able to observe at first hand the facts that we reported.

To the Editor: On January 22, I delivered a speech in the Senate about Detroit's stalemated newspaper strike and inserted a copy of your article "Detroit's Press Profiteers" in the *Congressional Record*. The article is so significant that I believe it merits the attention of all my colleagues in the U.S. Congress. It added weight and substance to reports that have been circulating in Detroit. If the allegations are true that a handful of local Teamsters who should be primarily concerned with settling the strike are profiteers, intimately involved in the strike-paper operations financially and otherwise, then we are faced with labor racketeering in a new guise.

I have asked the Secretary of Labor and the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations of the Senate Government Operations Committee to look into the situation.

ROBERT P. GRIFFIN
U.S. Senate

To the Editor: You have done us in Detroit a great favor by printing "Detroit's Press Profiteers." As the wife of a *legitimate* Detroit newspaperman, I'm vitally concerned with what the writers term the Vulture Press. I'm worried about how this all affects freedom of the press in America and the public right to a good and honest newspaper. I'm also worried about unions and their being led away from their own democratic right—their privilege to strike for an honest reason, a genuine reason.

ADELAIDE STODDARD
Detroit

To the Editor: "Detroit's Press Profiteers" is an incisive account of a strike that senselessly injures an entire region. Moreover, the article accurately describes an astounding distortion of collective bargaining's original valid purposes.

PETER B. CLARK
President and Publisher
The Evening News Association
Detroit

THEIR UPPER CLASS

To the Editor: Let me congratulate Leopold Tyrmand for an excellent job. His article "The Upper Class in Eastern Europe" (*The Reporter*, January 11) is an example of a profound grasp of both the topic and the climate of given societies. I guess that a number of western observers of the East European scene, the surface-scratchers and manufacturers of cozy platitudes, feel rather annoyed.

OTTO ULC
Assistant Professor
State University of New York
Binghamton

To the Editor: I have read "The Upper Class in Eastern Europe" with consuming interest. This is a penetrating sociological study of life under Communism that makes sense of many reports I have read about this part of the world since I left it twenty years ago.

ANTHONY NOVAK
Montreal

To the Editor: Two articles in your January 11 issue are lucid contrasts in ideology. "The Upper Class in Eastern Europe" is a masterpiece of "situation ethics" while Ernest W. Lefever's "Church and Politics: The Protestant Debate" involves fixed, not situational, values and ethics of which, as Paul Ramsey rightly states, the churches and synagogues are the prime custodians, transmitters, and renewers.

I cannot but question the motives of "a small unrepresentative minority" who use these divinely ordained institutions to make "numerous particular pronouncements which reflect an ethic that confuses the proper spheres of church and state."

And I have to smile, albeit a little grimly, when such activists as Malcolm Boyd urge the "contemporary" church (whatever that is) to move out of the institutional church with its "incestuous preoccupation with self" into the world of real men and women. As if the people in it are not real, too, very much involved in the real world with its pain and sorrow. It is to these facts of life that the churches are, and always have been, addressing themselves with compassion and concern while fostering and promoting those ideals without which we should all succumb to situation ethics.

IRENE PRATER DELL
Carl Junction, Missouri

THE CRIME OF SLAVERY

To the Editor: In reference to Noel Mostert's "Slavery: The Crime the World Ignores" (*The Reporter*, January 11), the U.S. Senate did finally ratify the U.N. convention on November 2, 1967 (only eleven years late). Yet this mere formality is insignificant. No economic sanctions have been or probably will be taken against the countries in which slavery exists. Perhaps, as more people learn that slavery still thrives, they will pressure their governments to end the "guilt by silence."

JUDITH HARRIS
New York

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 185

by HENRY ALLEN

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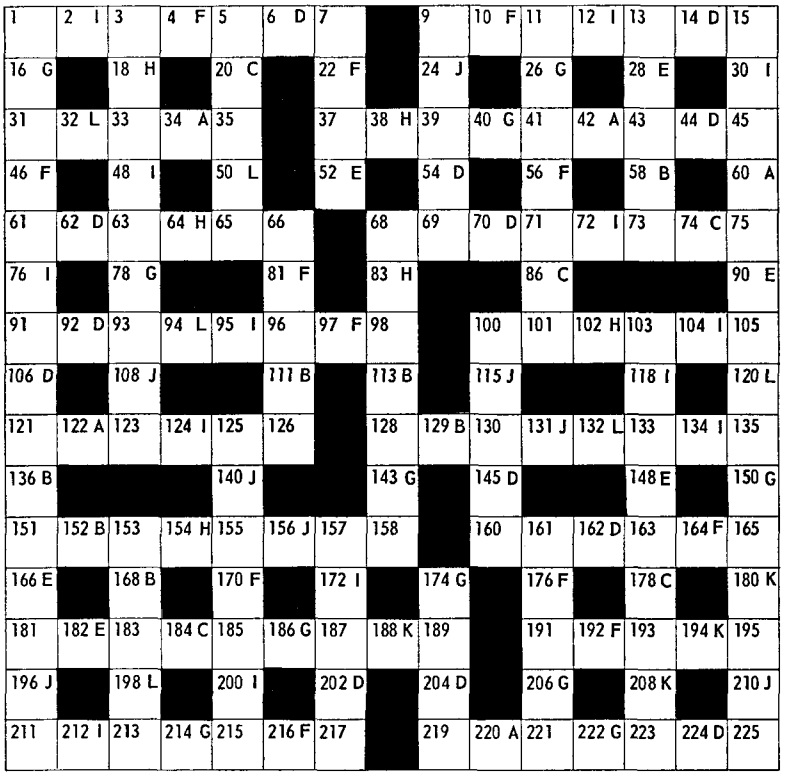
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A

42 220 60 122 34 What the Ancient Mariner had too much of and not enough of.

B

136 152 58 168 129 113 111 An ungrateful person.

C

86 178 20 74 184 "The _____ is a woolly sort of fleecy hairy goat." Belloc, "More Beasts for Worse Children."

D

6 14 70 202 106 145 224 204 62 162

92 54 44 Watchword of the Acrostician, perhaps (4,2,7).

E

90 166 28 52 148 182 Cast off lines of a ship.

F

56 4 81 22 192 97 176 170 46 164

10 216 Curved kind of line in 18th-century Europe (6,6).

G

222 78 26 174 16 206 143 40 214

186 150 Group of adherents of the Greek goddess of agriculture (7,4).

H

154 18 38 102 64 83 Island near Tahiti.

I

104 2 95 76 72 124 212 118 30 12

134 200 172 48 What a repayment may be in respect to a debt (2,12).

J

196 156 210 140 24 108 131 115 Bugle call sounded at tattoo (British) (4,4).

K

194 180 208 188 "The law can take a purse in open court,/While it condemns a _____ delinquent for't." Butler, "On a Hypocritical Nonconformist."

L

198 50 32 132 120 94 A goal of the Acrostician.

ACROSS

1. Buries Tom's Ben.
9. Space for 49 in a particular way.
31. The eyer about 5 each time.
37. With 151 across, organization headed by the Acrostician (5,4,3,5).
61. Devotion period in an oven?
68. Slaughter with most of 1 across last.
91. It's chancy to aim so far (4,4).
100. It's a skillful road, it is.
121. What a grass widow becomes? She's negligent.
128. Etches, perhaps, or gnaws (4,4).
151. See 37 across.
160. What you hold now with open cilia as well.
181. May a small company star get so expensive? (5,4).
191. Stairs by which opera singers ascend?
211. Early religious sect from 161 down?
219. Portable instrument for the sand (4,3).

DOWN

1. The three points that go on forever? (7,8).
3. The moon event may bring one to poison (2,7).
5. Indian family in May and September.
7. Where Carnaby Street is in so hopping surroundings.
9. Muse softly about the scum.
11. It's a jewel of a city, according to L. Frank Baum.
13. A grown bug in the grim agonies of despair.
15. Following, but it's lesser ahead (4,3,3,5).
66. Pains that are mostly cash.
68. They're mad when they put prices on their wares.
100. Where to find the peak of the potato when nothing is taken away (2,3).
103. Kind of society the Reds want and kind of school pupils want (2,2,5).
125. Polish seaport that's a test TNT site.
153. Treat when the address is not in Christian times.
157. Corners that are soon O.K. with nothing.
161. Sense of a city.
174. Eat in when Huntley falls apart

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Ritual Re-runs

Eartha Kitt, Clark Clifford, John Gardner, non-proliferation, the State of the Union, North Korea, the ten per cent surtax, Robert Kennedy (will he or won't he?), and four missing hydrogen bombs. It is hard to recall a fortnight that has made more demands on the time and attention of both those who read and those who write the news, not to mention those in Congress and in the administration who make it. Right now there is probably a seminar or a task force somewhere hard at work devising ways to lighten the burden on all concerned so that we can devote our national energy to the most important episodes in our episode-packed lives. The place to begin, in our opinion, is with ritual news—a lot could be done in that field.

Every January, for example, it is apparently necessary to analyze the mood of Congress, even though in these days of the death-rattle session, Congress may only have been adjourned and out of town for a few weeks. The point is not just that the mood of Congress probably didn't change in such a short time, but that it never changes: Congress is *always* in a terrible mood. This is just as true when it is getting things done as when it is not—from that pre-session moment when the members warn that this year they are really going to crack down on the administration, until the end-of-the-session interviews when they complain that methods of unparalleled deviousness and cruelty were employed to keep them from doing so. Surely one standard story, centrally filed somewhere and available to all newsmen on request, would suffice to meet this ritual need.

The same might be done with the annual speculation and denial stories that precede every budget unveiling; blank spaces could be provided to fill in the different figures each year. And what about that quadrennial analogue to the yearly Congress story, the mood-of-New Hampshire piece? If only on humanitarian grounds, it seems to us that the bundled-up citizens of that freezing state should be permitted to get on with their marketing between January and March of every fourth year. After all, the dramatic surgings and sinkings of the polls, the spurious roller-coaster ride we are all taken on each time, rarely seem in retrospect to bear any relation to the only really interesting fact about the primary, that is to say, who won.

This brings us to the State of the Union address, where we think that monumental savings can be made. As others have done in the past, *Congressional Quarterly* recently recounted the prolonged and exhausting efforts that go into the creation of that message every year. But so far as the response to it is concerned, does it really matter what it says? The only significant change we have noted over the years in the response is that since the death of Senator Harry F. Byrd, political analysts in the gallery now draw their conclusions as to the meaning and possible fate of the President's program by counting how many times, if at all, Wilbur Mills applauds.

If the President really wanted to help out, he could of course revert to the pre-Woodrow Wilson technique of sending the message to Congress, instead of reading it in person to a joint session. Indeed, if he used the ordinary U.S. mails, there is a good chance that it wouldn't get there at all or would be delivered to the cigar stand of the Congressional Hotel. But even discounting these optimum possibilities, a mailed message would cut down enormously on such time consumers as the Kremlinological study of who was and who was not invited to sit in the box with the First Lady and the attendant implications for the future of liberalism.

Since we expect that this is an idea whose time has not yet come—even though it has already been—we will proceed on the assumption that the President is going to continue the post-1913 tradition of personally delivering the State of the Union Message. Still, there are some things that could be done. Has anyone who has heard them over the past few years any question in his mind that Minority Leader Gerald Ford's responses to the State of the Union Message could be taped and stored for annual reruns? Our file presents only slightly more complicated problems. We assume we are not alone in having noticed that when a President is rather visionary and rhetorical he is criticized for having avoided getting down to the real problems, and that when he does the latter (as he did this year) he is faulted for lack of leadership.

This phenomenon obviously would require keeping two sets of political commentary at the ready. Similarly, we would file under "T"—for Too Much or Too Little—ready-made analyses of the guns-and-butter and spending-and-cutback debates, only we would relegate them to unprime television time, rather than flooding the networks with them all evening.

Balanced Discomfort

On December 10, Governor Otto Kerner of Illinois and Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York, chairman and vice-chairman of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, announced that they would issue their findings on the causes and cures of urban rioting on March 1, some five months ahead of schedule. The commission's Presidential directive set a final deadline of July 29, but Kerner, Lindsay, and the nine other members of the commission decided not to wait until mid-

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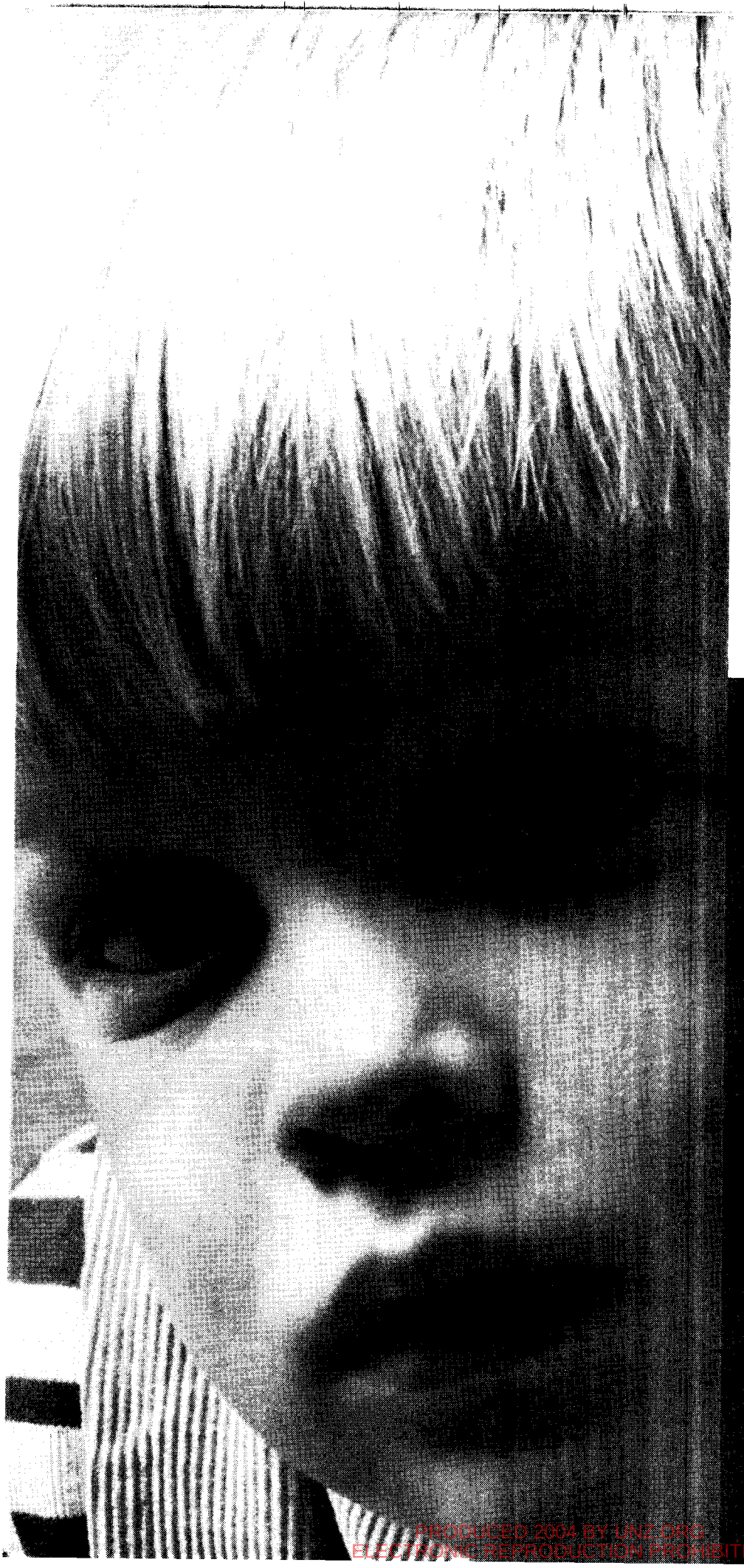

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summer because "there is urgent need for public awareness, and widespread action, much sooner than that."

This decision was followed by the dismissal of fifty-eight of the commission's ninety-eight professional staff members, some of whom were scheduled to leave the commission at the end of the year and some of whom left ahead of schedule. Shortly after the Kerner-Lindsay announcement, various press reports cited unrest within the commission. Some of the departing staff members, mostly young lawyers, sociologists, and political scientists, had activated the subterranean systems that lubricate Washington's rumor mill.

The commission report would be a "whitewash," the disgruntled staff members charged, basing their complaints on what they expected the commission to conclude. The main charges were grounded in the staff members' beliefs that the commission would not be "tough enough" on the role played by the police and National Guard in riots and that the commission would be reluctant to recommend billions of dollars in Federal outlays for jobs, housing, and schools.

Even if the staff members' fears and complaints turn out to be true (as they do not appear likely to), their concentration on both of these issues illustrates the ideological bankruptcy that characterizes so much of what currently passes for social protest. "Crime in the streets," both as a political issue and as a deep-felt concern of millions of Americans, is regarded by too many social protesters as simply a euphemism for racist repression. This attitude toward a legitimate issue of social concern is usually coupled with the exhortation for "massive Federal funds" for other social problems.

These attitudes ignore the need for compromise called for by two perceptive social commentators, Daniel P. Moynihan, formerly of the Labor Department, and Richard M. Scammon, former director of the Bureau of the Census. Moynihan, speaking before a meeting of Americans for Democratic Action, urged that liberals form alliances with conservatives because both groups should "see more clearly that their essential interest is in the stability of the social order." Moynihan also suggested that "liberals must divest themselves of the notion that the nation, especially the cities of the nation, can be run from agencies in Washington."

Scammon put the issue in similar perspective: "If we are to have peace this summer, there must be a deal between liberals and conservatives. Liberals will have to concede police control over the streets and conservatives must agree on some goodies for the ghetto." Scammon explains that this arrangement requires a lessening of "the automatic response of 'police brutality' following every public disturbance" on the part of liberals and a more generous response to urban programs from conservatives in Congress.

Governor Kerner's promise that his commission's report "is going to be uncomfortable for the people of the United States" is one sign of hope; another is the common stake of both political parties in social stability. Kerner, President Johnson, Mayor Lindsay, and the four members of Congress on the commission all share a personal and political interest in a swift and favorable response to the commission's findings. Kerner's description of the report indicates that it will not be the product of either whitewash or hysteria.

N.O. Evidence

One year ago, New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison announced that he had "solved" the Kennedy assassination. "I have no reason to believe that Lee Harvey Oswald killed anyone in Dallas on November 22, 1963," Garrison told a news conference last February. Since then the plot has, as they say, thickened, and the cast has multiplied. The trial of Clay Shaw, one of the alleged plotters, is tentatively scheduled to open February 13. For the bewildered we present herewith a capsule review of the developments, chronologically and in the District Attorney's own words.

The plot:

"The President was killed by a bullet that was fired from the front . . . . There was a crossfire situation set up, which involved at least two pairs of men in the front . . . . They had at least one man in the back who was shooting [and another man] engaged in a row in Dealey Plaza in order to aid those who had guns." (AP interview, May)

"There were five of them [in front], three behind the stone wall and two behind the grassy knoll and they're not quite out of sight and they've been located [in photographs] by the process of bringing them out although they're not distinct enough, you can make an identification from their faces." (TV interview, May)

"The evidence indicates that he was shot at from two different directions in the rear and also from the right front." (NBC, July)

"Our office has developed evidence that the President was assassinated by a precision guerrilla team of at least seven men." (*Playboy,* October)

"It was very large and very well organized . . . an infinitely larger number of [participants] than you would dream." (News conference, December)

One man may have fired from a sewer in Dealey Plaza, but "the development of the likely use of portions of the drainage system . . . does not conflict with the picture of the other major shooting points." (Press release, December)

The cast:

"There was a mixture of individuals, but the point is they were all anti-Castro oriented and had been engaged in anti-Castro training." (Interview, May)

The assassins were "men who sought to obtain a radical change in our foreign policy—particularly with regard to Cuba . . . individuals who were once associated with the CIA." (NBC, July)

It was "a Nazi operation whose sponsors included some of the oil-rich millionaires in Texas [and] elements of the Dallas police force are clearly involved." (UPI, September)

"The involvement of high officials of the United States Government in the affair becomes more and more apparent." (Press release, January)

Intriguing statements, all. Still, the one we remember most vividly is this: "I'm not interested in publicity; all I'm after is the truth." (News conference, last February)

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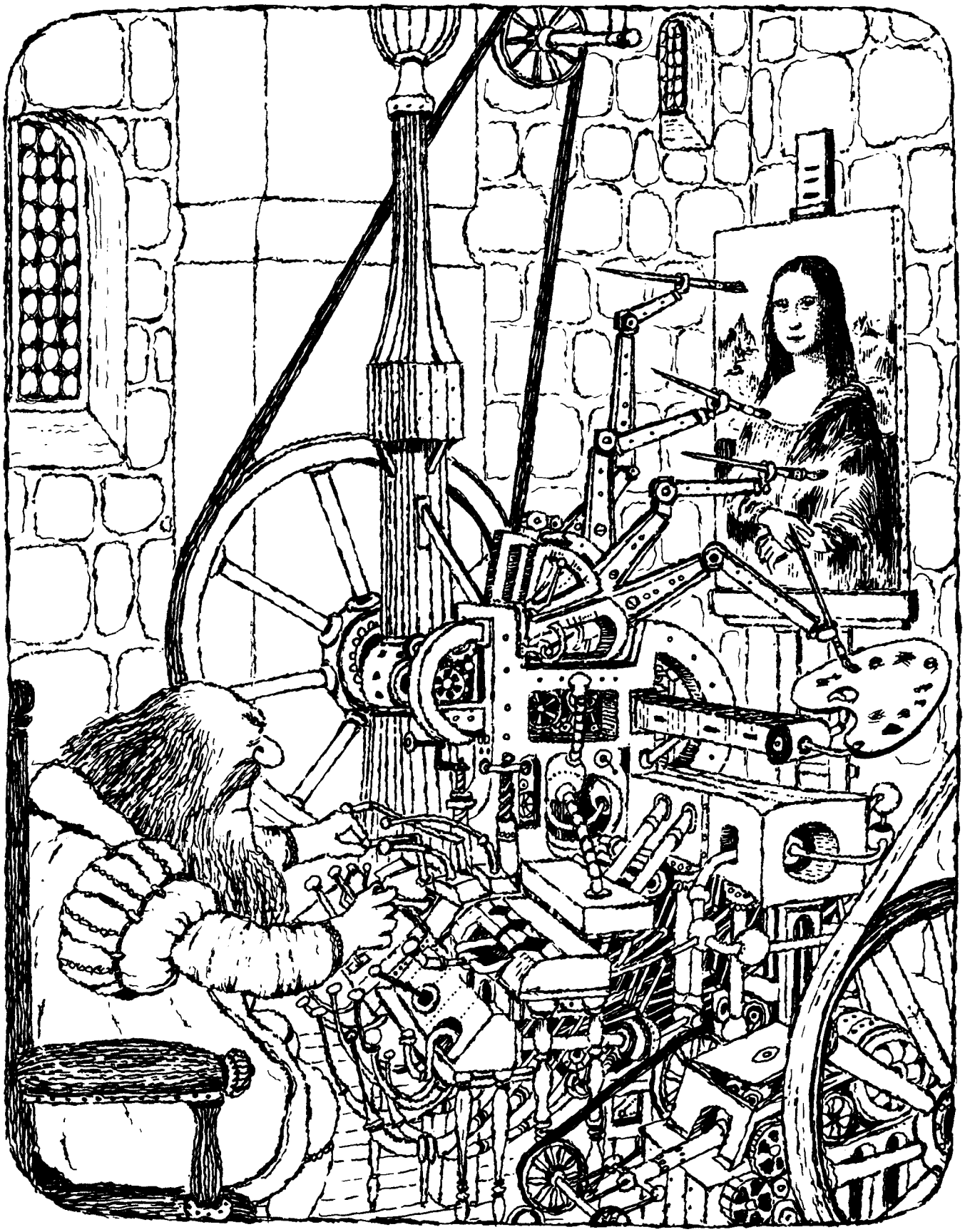

By Fernando Krahn

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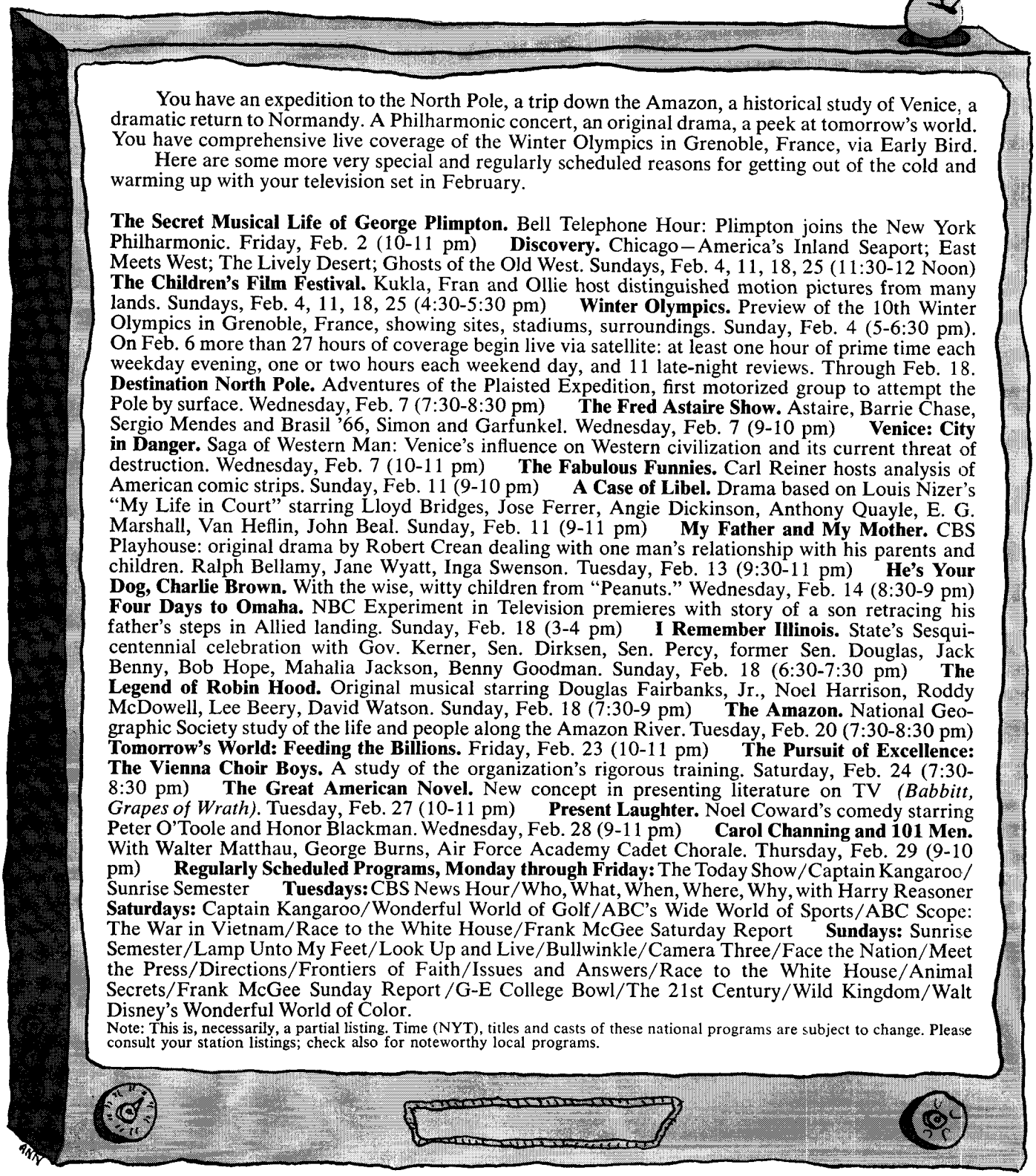
Take away news and comedies and mysteries and westerns and movies and game shows and soap operas and cartoons and what do you have?



You have an expedition to the North Pole, a trip down the Amazon, a historical study of Venice, a dramatic return to Normandy. A Philharmonic concert, an original drama, a peek at tomorrow's world. You have comprehensive live coverage of the Winter Olympics in Grenoble, France, via Early Bird.

Here are some more very special and regularly scheduled reasons for getting out of the cold and warming up with your television set in February.

The Secret Musical Life of George Plimpton. Bell Telephone Hour: Plimpton joins the New York Philharmonic. Friday, Feb. 2 (10-11 pm) **Discovery.** Chicago—America's Inland Seaport; East Meets West; The Lively Desert; Ghosts of the Old West. Sundays, Feb. 4, 11, 18, 25 (11:30-12 Noon) **The Children's Film Festival.** Kukla, Fran and Ollie host distinguished motion pictures from many lands. Sundays, Feb. 4, 11, 18, 25 (4:30-5:30 pm) **Winter Olympics.** Preview of the 10th Winter Olympics in Grenoble, France, showing sites, stadiums, surroundings. Sunday, Feb. 4 (5-6:30 pm). On Feb. 6 more than 27 hours of coverage begin live via satellite: at least one hour of prime time each weekday evening, one or two hours each weekend day, and 11 late-night reviews. Through Feb. 18. **Destination North Pole.** Adventures of the Plaisted Expedition, first motorized group to attempt the Pole by surface. Wednesday, Feb. 7 (7:30-8:30 pm) **The Fred Astaire Show.** Astaire, Barrie Chase, Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66, Simon and Garfunkel. Wednesday, Feb. 7 (9-10 pm) **Venice: City in Danger.** Saga of Western Man: Venice's influence on Western civilization and its current threat of destruction. Wednesday, Feb. 7 (10-11 pm) **The Fabulous Funnies.** Carl Reiner hosts analysis of American comic strips. Sunday, Feb. 11 (9-10 pm) **A Case of Libel.** Drama based on Louis Nizer's "My Life in Court" starring Lloyd Bridges, Jose Ferrer, Angie Dickinson, Anthony Quayle, E. G. Marshall, Van Heflin, John Beal. Sunday, Feb. 11 (9-11 pm) **My Father and My Mother.** CBS Playhouse: original drama by Robert Crean dealing with one man's relationship with his parents and children. Ralph Bellamy, Jane Wyatt, Inga Swenson. Tuesday, Feb. 13 (9:30-11 pm) **He's Your Dog, Charlie Brown.** With the wise, witty children from "Peanuts." Wednesday, Feb. 14 (8:30-9 pm) **Four Days to Omaha.** NBC Experiment in Television premieres with story of a son retracing his father's steps in Allied landing. Sunday, Feb. 18 (3-4 pm) **I Remember Illinois.** State's Sesquicentennial celebration with Gov. Kerner, Sen. Dirksen, Sen. Percy, former Sen. Douglas, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Mahalia Jackson, Benny Goodman. Sunday, Feb. 18 (6:30-7:30 pm) **The Legend of Robin Hood.** Original musical starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Noel Harrison, Roddy McDowell, Lee Beery, David Watson. Sunday, Feb. 18 (7:30-9 pm) **The Amazon.** National Geographic Society study of the life and people along the Amazon River. Tuesday, Feb. 20 (7:30-8:30 pm) **Tomorrow's World: Feeding the Billions.** Friday, Feb. 23 (10-11 pm) **The Pursuit of Excellence: The Vienna Choir Boys.** A study of the organization's rigorous training. Saturday, Feb. 24 (7:30-8:30 pm) **The Great American Novel.** New concept in presenting literature on TV *(Babbitt, Grapes of Wrath)*. Tuesday, Feb. 27 (10-11 pm) **Present Laughter.** Noel Coward's comedy starring Peter O'Toole and Honor Blackman. Wednesday, Feb. 28 (9-11 pm) **Carol Channing and 101 Men.** With Walter Matthau, George Burns, Air Force Academy Cadet Chorale. Thursday, Feb. 29 (9-10 pm) **Regularly Scheduled Programs, Monday through Friday:** The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester **Tuesdays:** CBS News Hour/Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner **Saturdays:** Captain Kangaroo/Wonderful World of Golf/ABC's Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam/Race to the White House/Frank McGee Saturday Report **Sundays:** Sunrise Semester/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Frontiers of Faith/Issues and Answers/Race to the White House/Animal Secrets/Frank McGee Sunday Report/G-E College Bowl/The 21st Century/Wild Kingdom/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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The Revolt Against Freedom

The tide of events which tests the fiber of our country keeps rising with ever-mounting fury. Sometimes the shock comes from near-forgotten enemies, like the North Koreans; at other times from the behavior of men who break the ethical standards they have been entrusted with and do not bother to suggest any alternate ones. The outside enemy is international Communism; the one inside, nihilism. Yet if there are some justifications for the over-diplomatic behavior of our government in answering enemy attacks, there are none for the restraint on the part of a large number of probably well intentioned Americans who, because of their disapproval of the war in Vietnam, have let themselves be driven into a more or less tolerant attitude toward the nihilistic hordes.

One must add, however, that recently there have been some indications of a different trend among anti-war liberals. I would like to quote one of these men, George Kennan, with whom on a few issues, including Vietnam, I have disagreed. In an article in the New York *Times* magazine he wrote that people should bear in mind that if noise, violence, and lawlessness is the way the opponents of the war are going to put their case, "then many of us who are no happier than they are about some of the policies that arouse their indignation will have no choice but to place ourselves on the other side of the barricades." He adds, "Not since the civil conflict of a century ago has this country, as I see it, been in such great danger. . . ."

The months ahead are going to be extraordinarily hard to live through. Electioneering has begun. Communism from abroad and nihilism at home will fight to make the American political system inoperative at the most crucial time. It will not be surprising to hear one of these days from some of the President's most predictable critics that he is responsible for having "escalated" the war into North Korea. The attempt to use reason in political matters is increasingly hampered by such broad-range words as escalation that dispense with looking at the facts and carry the built-in implication that our country is the only one that escalates.

In every spot in the world where our country is susceptible to humiliation, we are likely to have unpleasant surprises for which the administration is going to be denounced by some Senators of either party. Each time, the hirsute or Black Power mobs at home will start new convulsive agitations. Already, we have been told of big troubles ahead when the Democratic convention will meet in Chicago.

Those who think that the American people can be cowed and our system of political representation wrecked are likely to be disappointed. True, it's a unique system and we are scarcely entitled to blame any nation for not having one like ours. It concerns the citizens deeply only on a limited number of occasions, mostly when the President is to be elected. The electoral process is accompanied by an unnecessary amount of ritual ballyhoo, but when the final returns are in, it is amazingly accurate in the picture it provides of the people's mood.

In the last few years, the confidence game played by men who pretend to represent large masses of citizens has become so crude that one longs for that Tuesday in November as for the moment of truth. The American Negroes are not represented by the Stokely Carmichaels, in spite of the fact that, as Mr. Justice Marshall had occasion to say recently, "If Carmichael even says 'A or B or C' the American newspapers and television play it up." In the same way, the present leadership of the Americans for Democratic Action is not representative of American liberalism.

The American liberal has for too long been inclined to consider himself as the rightful servant of a righteous government, and has succumbed too frequently of late to a delusion about our external opponent's peaceful intentions. There has long been among American liberals the inclination to insist on wholesale universalism and to reach settlements on the basis of discount pragmatism. Only this way could the fundamental human rights be exalted, and the admission be made that those rights were enjoyed also by people under Communism. A virtue, for a change, of universal value could do the trick: its name was diversity.

George Kennan was right when he said that not since the Civil War has our country been in such great danger. The danger now perhaps is even greater. Should our country collapse under the strains from within and without, its structure crumble into chaos, then there would be no hope for any stable order in the world—including the Communist countries that draw their standards from the imitation of our achievements.

If we make it this time, we must really see to it that it doesn't happen again, ever.

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Liberals and Radicals

WILLIAM P. GERBERDING

One of the recurrent problems for liberals in the United States is what their relationship with radicals should be. If liberals are defined roughly as those who accept the basic characteristics of the existing political and economic systems and who believe that the government should be an active instrument for improving the lot of our citizenry and perhaps of mankind as a whole; and if radicals are defined as those who seek fundamental changes in the political, social, and economic systems —some adhering to democratic norms and some not—then it is obvious that the relationship between liberals and radicals will usually be strained and often nonexistent. Only in periods of great stress and loss of confidence will liberals be drawn toward radical prescriptions and personalities. The 1930's are the classic example of how alluring this temptation can become at such times.

The distemper and division in the nation today are so intense that many liberals are receptive to radical analyses and conclusions, and therefore to radical politics. Many liberals, including this one, believe that the decision to intervene in Vietnam with American combat troops was a grave strategic mistake; but whether the original intervention was wise or unwise, our massive presence there changes the situation entirely and renders it infinitely more difficult to try to answer the question of what should be done *now*.

In such agonizing times, it becomes more difficult to distinguish between legitimate and illegitimate dissent, between constructive opposition and destructive adventuring, between those who honor humane and democratic values and those who do not. That there are anti-democratic extremists seeking to exploit the disaffection of the anti-Vietnam liberals and of the aroused Negro Americans should surprise no one. What is surprising and dangerous is the extent to which disaffected liberals have been willing to associate their names and activities with the extremists.

No Compromise

In the opinion of this writer it is wrong and destructive to embrace or even to adopt a tolerant attitude toward the radical politics of, for example, the New Left or the black racists. It is wrong—morally and intellectually—because these radicals, whatever may be their personal motives and however real and profound their grievances, do not offer liberal democrats an acceptable alternative, nor are they acceptable allies. They detest compromise, conciliation, and accommodation, the necessary elements of a democratic, tolerant, and humane policy; they accept violence as an appropriate means to whatever ends they happen to be pursuing at any given time, abjuring any serious moral or political calculations about which ends justify which means under what circumstances; they preach racial hatred and intolerance; their style is full of cant, hypocrisy, and self-righteousness; and their ultimate purposes are at best shrouded in mystery and riddled with naïve utopianism, and are at worst coercive and illiberal. Many of them have explicitly rejected liberal democracy as a sham and a fraud.

The ability to make basic distinctions is a cardinal virtue in politics. Liberals have long and properly been contemptuous of the frequent inability or unwillingness of those in this country who call themselves conservatives to dissociate themselves from the radical Right, i.e., those whose techniques and purposes are

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essentially and occasionally explicitly anti-democratic. Most men of the Right condemn the Klan, the Minutemen, and the Nazis; but too many of them have not been willing to repudiate the many other wild men, whether Birchers or local vendors of related poison. And so we watch with amusement as, say, William F. Buckley, Jr.—McCarthy apologist and, more lately, clever spokesman for a kind of sophisticated and somewhat housebroken rightist viewpoint—attacks Robert Welch but defends the John Birch Society, and finds himself the object of bitter attacks from his erstwhile admirers. How, we ask ourselves, can experienced, knowledgeable, and apparently reasonably decent people like Buckley put themselves into such absurd and demeaning postures?

ALTHOUGH perceiving this moral and intellectual fuzziness in others, many liberals have not been as alive to the related dangers among themselves. Thus it was a rare treat to learn recently that the Northern California regional officers of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy (SANE) resigned en masse because the national board of SANE rejected their request that it purge itself of what the Northern California officers called "anti-democratic and anti-American elements." Silence or an attitude of indulgence has been a more typical response of liberals to the excesses of some of the radicals. When, for example, an officer of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) was recently reported as having said that "When an institution is without legitimacy, it is without rights, it is without the right of free speech," how many liberals view this as the blatantly illiberal pronouncement that it most certainly is?

In addition to these basic questions about who is morally and intellectually an acceptable ally in an emergency, there is the practical question of the likely consequences of co-operation with or even of an indulgent attitude toward the New Left and the black racists. It seems obvious to me that association with these elements is a political liability and, therefore, destructive of the very purposes for which I think liberal democrats ought pre-eminently to be striving, i.e., a satisfactory termination of the war and an imaginative, creative, and unprecedentedly costly attack upon the unacceptable realities of Negro life in this country. (There are, of course, many other problems that need attention, but they do not at least currently involve the explosive force and immense tragedy of the two mentioned.) Among liberals, there is always tension between those who are willing and able to look the hard facts in the face and those to whom moral posturing and denigration of the political processes are the more comfortable responses. It is the latter who, despite their adherence to dem-

ocratic norms, are the most susceptible to sentimentality and confusion about such phenomena as the New Left and the black racists.

The Beneficiaries

What "facts" am I suggesting need to be faced? The following discussion includes some with an uncontestable status as fact, while others are more arguable. My only claims are that where I have substituted opinion for fact it is because the facts are not conclusively known and that these opinions deserve to be taken seriously.

First and foremost, an overwhelming majority of the body politic rejects violence as a permissible method of altering policies and conditions in this country. It is fashionable these days to point out that violence has always been a conspicuous element in American life; that a case can be made—and I agree—for its legitimacy under extreme conditions; that many Negroes have despaired of achieving their rightful aspirations through nonviolent methods; that violence has indeed "worked" in alerting many more people to such realities as Negro deprivations and the depths of dissatisfaction with the administration's policies in Vietnam. All this is true, but it is a beguiling non sequitur to conclude that therefore liberals will profit politically from an attitude that condones or even encourages violence. Anyone who believes that is fooling himself and, more importantly, helping sow the seeds for an illiberal reaction of incalculable proportions.

I live in California. The New Left has been shrewd enough to understand that its activities were and are a political asset for Ronald Reagan both as candidate and governor. They welcome this development for all of the usual foolish and incompatible reasons: "Things must get much worse before they can get better"; "It's time for a showdown, a confrontation, between bourgeois America and 'the prophetic minority' "; "Reagan is the incarnation of the true American spirit"; "We pursue principle, not expediency"; and on and on. These slogans and rationalizations are attractive to the totally alienated, to the hysterical, and to utopians. But they are dangerous doctrine for democratic liberals and they will continue to weaken the political power of liberals while strengthening that of the Ronald Reagans and the George Wallaces. The New Left and the black racists do not make distinctions among such categories, except perhaps that they reserve a special contempt for liberals while saluting the "honesty" of the others mentioned. Liberals, suffering from the weaknesses of their virtues, too often receive such abuse with forgiveness, understanding, and even—among those obsessed with guilt—agreement. A more fitting response is to make the contempt mutual, because what divides liberals from the anti-democratic radicals is fundamental and not negotiable.

THERE IS ALSO the problem of the relationship between liberals and the police. I admit that the ritualistic "anti-cop" attitude of many liberals is sophomoric and escapist. I trust that no one is prepared to argue that we can do without police forces. A good beginning—and only

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a beginning—is to tell the whole truth about police activities and responsibilities. This has not by any means been automatic among liberals. Much of the liberal reporting and commentary on, for example, the riots outside the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles while President Johnson was there last June was shockingly one-sided. No doubt the police acted too harshly once they moved on the crowd of anti-Vietnam demonstrators; perhaps they should not have moved at all. But why was it so seldom pointed out that both the parade permit and a court order prohibited stopping in front of the hotel, and that the police warned the marchers about their responsibility to disperse? Do liberals want to live in a society where court orders and parade permits are routinely violated? It is no answer to say that some laws and regulations are manifestly unjust or unconstitutional and that breaking them is a moral right, perhaps a duty. The questions are: which laws and where and when? Is a California court order the same as a Mississippi sheriff's decree? An inability or unwillingness to make such distinctions is intellectually inexcusable and politically risky.

It's too bad there aren't more liberals on police forces, but what would a liberal police chief have done if he had had the responsibility of guarding the President of the United States, if there had been rumors of an attempt to storm the hotel, if the marchers had stopped in front of the hotel in violation of a court order and their parade permit? Is anyone prepared to argue that Presidents of the United States are immune from physical danger?

Or is there perhaps a conviction among some liberals—as there assuredly is among many radicals—that this particular President does not merit protection?

The Big Lies

This brings another issue into view. The unremitting efforts to defame President Johnson are repugnant and unfair. They are, relatedly, politically disadvantageous. Liberals have generally understood that the conspiratorial and devil interpretations of American history so common on the radical Right are bizarre and absurd. Roosevelt may have misjudged Stalin, but he did not willfully betray the interests of this country. Yet many of these same people are now prepared to believe that Lyndon Johnson is a moral monster, a man who actually loves war and hates Negroes, and whose alleged concern for education and for the poor is a gigantic hoax. Consider the success of the play *MacBird*. A portion of the liberal community enthusiastically embraced this sick imagery, some of them arguing evasively that of course they didn't believe Johnson had killed Kennedy

but that the play contained a "larger truth." Compare the response of these same people to Robert Welch's charge that Dwight Eisenhower was a conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy. From the radical Right, this kind of nonsense is immediately perceived and properly denounced. From the radical Left, it is too often taken with great seriousness and, if not altogether accepted, then justified in terms of some larger and usually murky purpose.

This will not do. It is morally and intellectually unacceptable for liberals—or anyone else, for that matter—to manufacture Big Lies in order to combat the very real problems that beset us as a nation. We must be able to make the elementary kinds of distinctions that extremists are incapable of making, or we shall lose our integrity and our claim to seriousness.

Moreover, the consequences of such cynicism (or, to give it the benefit of the doubt, such naïveté) are not pleasant to contemplate. The fund of decency and mutual respect upon which a democratic society depends for its survival is not available on demand in this or any other society. If some liberals join those who debase political discourse for short-run gains, they are playing with fire and are adding strength to those very forces in our society whose loyalty to democratic norms is most suspect. They poison the well.

ALTHOUGH I am over thirty, I will also say something about young people and about the relationship between generations. I teach in a university and am familiar with and appreciative of the idealism and altruism that inspire some of the most visible elements of this generation of youth. What most of the more sensational and publicized among them do not deserve is to have their sweeping socio-economic-political pronouncements taken so seriously. The solemnity with which adults treat such things as the anarchic demands of many student radicals, or the social analyses of the Students for a Democratic Society, or the pronouncements of the black racists about history would be laughable if it weren't so consequential.

The first responsibility toward youth is to tell the truth and to refute error. The sins of omission and commission of the over-thirty generation (if it makes any sense to speak in such general terms) are many and serious; so it has always been and so it will always be. But unless one is willing to compare reality only with utopia, then the nation into which these young people are entering as adults cannot be simply or reasonably characterized as a "sick society." It is, among many other things, a nation that enjoys and has always enjoyed more political, cultural, and religious freedom than any—or almost any—other society, past or present; it is

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a nation with an economy of almost unbelievable productivity; and it is a nation that has, since having leadership thrust upon it, generally played an honorable role in international affairs.

I know all the arguments against such positive and optimistic statements, and I know how many qualifications and disclaimers need to be added. Especially it must be said that the unemployed and the Negroes do not share appropriately in wealth and status and that American foreign policy has its darker side. That there is plenty of room for improvement is all too obvious.

It is a measure of our loss of confidence and a sign of the supersophisticated fashion of our time that few liberals say such things today. Anyone who deviates from an unremittingly hypercritical and gloomy line about institutions, policies, and people is regarded as square, pompous, and flag-waving, an evader of ugly truths. We are in danger of becoming a generation of cranks. Surely it is a derangement of the critical faculties when a nation as diverse and complicated and comparatively successful as this one is perceived exclusively in negative terms.

The Anti-Intellectual Rampage

Liberals should not be ashamed to make positive claims about American society and politics, not only because they are true but also because today's youth is being told so many other and contradicting things. The view of reality that the radicals of the Left are trying to peddle to today's youth includes the following ingredients, among others: the United States started and has perpetuated the cold war; the policies associated with the containment doctrine could have been designed to promote U.S. economic and political imperialism, and the anti-Communist rhetoric, especially regarding Vietnam, is a cynical mask; genuine democracies can only be found in Communist and underdeveloped countries, not in the West; the Johnson administration is determined to exploit and suppress the Negro population, as is "the establishment" in general, and all talk of the search for assistance and co-operation with legitimate Negro

aspirations is deceitful; the War on Poverty is not only unsuccessful, it was designed to be so; there are no important differences in attitudes, purposes, or policies among the leading political figures in this country, from George Wallace to Nelson Rockefeller; and our great universities and colleges are really nothing more than willing and corrupt instruments of the guardians of the status quo.

There are grains of truth in this chamber of horrors, but they are trivial alongside the immense distortions and crass falsehoods. Much of what passes for a redeeming and healthy idealism among today's youth is based on these and related grotesque distortions of truth and on a virulent anti-intellectual and anti-rational bias. For liberals to indulge these fantasies, to congratulate every adolescent rebel on his (fictitious) moral superiority, to applaud each new millennial prescription or apocalyptic vision, to deny or ignore the positive aspects of American politics and society, is to become what the radicals claimed we were all along, i.e., dishonest, cowering, sentimental, irresponsible, hollow men.

Decency and self-respect require that liberals avoid such a craven role, but so too do political considerations. For better or for worse, the American public is not amused by guilt-ridden, hand-wringing displays of self-flagellation by liberal adults. The radicals at Berkeley sought and deserved greater student freedom; they got it. Then they went on and sought other goals, intra- and extramural. A vacillating administration —unimpeachably liberal, tolerant to a fault—hesitated, fumbled, and lost its nerve. It was not Governor Edmund G. Brown who profited from this prolonged debacle; it was Ronald Reagan. And so it will continue to be. I find it difficult to blame only the students for failing to distinguish between legitimate demands (which were met) and genuinely liberal leaders on the one hand, and radical extremists who pursued unreasonable goals for their own illiberal reasons on the other. They were encouraged to do so by blindly permissive, intellectually sloppy, and morally confused professors, administrators, and politicians, most of whom were liberals. Most of these people have continued to congratulate themselves on their "principled" position, and they will probably continue to do so if their past and future actions help to elevate the lucky Reagan into the Presidency.

IT WILL BE SAID that an attack on a liberal-radical coalition is a call for inaction. It is no such thing. There is plenty for liberals to do, as there always has been, and the generous spirit of democratic liberalism will continue to motivate people to action, as it always has. But condoning or co-operating with the anti-democratic elements of the radical Left is morally insupportable and politically disastrous.

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West Berlin's New Mayor Keeps the Lid On

JAMES P. O'DONNELL

BERLIN

IN THE 1920's the disaffection with democracy of German university youth helped set the stage for the ultimate downfall of the Weimar Republic. The fear that a similar trend among students threatens West Germany today troubles many observers, for despite the fact that the radical slogans this time are leftist, they are far beyond the bounds of the democratic Left. Moreover, the student techniques and the neurotic undertones of their agitation often deserve the label of "left-wing fascism" given them by liberals. Germany is a country where the threat of a lurch to the Left can provoke an avalanche to the Right. As the novelist Günther Grass recently asked in Berlin: "Is the situation coming, yet once again, when leftist radicals and rightist radicals are preparing to exchange their mutual resentments?"

Within the past six months the students of West Berlin's Free University have managed, not without some ironic and revealing twists, to topple the city's mayor, the chief of police, and the Senator for internal security. The Free University, a magnificent academic plant in Dahlem, the swankiest of West Berlin's suburbs, is a product of Ford Foundation largesse. From this privileged stronghold the rebellious students have sallied forth into Berlin's downtown streets to stone or paint-pelt visiting dignitaries from Hubert Humphrey to the Shah of Iran, burst into the city parliament, storm the courthouse, and smear and stone America House.

Many Americans murmur "Berkeley and all that," by now an old story. This is true as far as the techniques are concerned, except that young Germans are a bit more heavy-handed and methodical in organizing spontaneous happenings. There is also the important ideological link inspired by the works of Herbert Marcuse and his left-Hegelian doctrine of the power of negative thinking. The sixty-nine-year-old Marcuse, a former Berliner, is now California-based. But Berlin is not Berkeley. Youth movements have never played an important political role among the English-speaking-peoples. In Germany, they have.

Replacing the Equivocator

Most of the Berlin tumult of 1967 pivoted around the events—today one is forced to say the mythology—of June 2. A student named Benno Ohnesorg was killed by a police bullet fired at the tag end of a wild demonstration against the visiting Shah. To those of us who witnessed the imbroglio, there seemed plenty of guilt to go around. There was the moral guilt of certain cynical student leaders themselves: for months the student magazine *F.U. Spiegel* had been advocating a *Machtprobe* (showdown) with the police. There was the lassitude of senior police officers, whose orders appeared first too mild, later too severe. And finally, there was the question of the individual guilt of the police officer. The district attorney's office charged him with negligence leading to involuntary manslaughter, but the independent judiciary did not find enough evidence to convict.

Blood, however, is a very special political fluid. Mayor Heinrich Albertz, by nature an equivocator, first backed the police, completely and a bit heartlessly (there were, after all, a dead student and a pregnant student-widow). Then he swung to a mealy-mouthed pro-student position. As the summer wore on, the political leadership slipped completely out of his hands; the police, the courts, the city assembly, and the political parties were in crisis. When the Berlin Social Democrats (SPD) fired Albertz in desperation in October, his last comment was: "Willy Brandt as mayor was a kind of manhole cover. When he left, all the underground poison gases exploded."

From his Foreign Ministry post in Bonn, Willy Brandt, most of whose national prestige is based on his proved ability in the past to govern in Berlin, sought to replace the hapless Albertz. With real reluctance, he relinquished the services of his closest political and personal friend, the lanky and scholarly Klaus Schütz, State Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In his one crowded year in this office, Schütz had been one of the Socialist stars of the governing grand coalition between Christian Democrats and Social Democrats.

Schütz grew up in Berlin and saw wartime army service that left him with a crippled right arm. In September, 1945, he returned to the city and enrolled in Berlin University—on Unter den Linden in East Berlin—with the first postwar class of students, a sober and chastened lot. There he joined the Young Socialists and a left-wing study group which, by 1946, was forced to meet clandestinely in a bookshop in the Friedrichstrasse railroad station. With each semester, Communist control of what was then the only university in Berlin became more rigorous, and in the middle of the blockade and airlift, Schütz transferred to the new Free University in West Berlin. After one semester there he won a competitive scholarship to Harvard.

This sojourn in the United States in 1949 marked the definitive shift

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in Schütz's studies to political science. The American political scene fascinated him, and he began to look with a skeptical eye at many of the old dogmas of German Social Democracy. He became a liberal democrat. And from this time, too, dates his intense interest in the workaday techniques of democratic politics.

Back in Berlin again in 1950, Schütz became a teaching fellow at the Free University, where his writings on politics came to the attention of Brandt, at that time making his bid for leadership of the Berlin SPD. Most of the mid-1950's was dominated by Brandt's breezy effort to modernize the SPD, and Schütz became his understudy, leading brain truster, and campaign manager. From 1961 on, he also held the important post of Berlin Senator for Federal Affairs.

In retrospect, it probably would have been better had Schütz succeeded Brandt directly as mayor of Berlin in December, 1966. But Brandt needed his top aide in Bonn, and the year as State Secretary did much to broaden Schütz's world horizon. It also won for him the prestige now needed as he faces, not a Berlin crisis in the usual sense, but a crisis in Berlin.

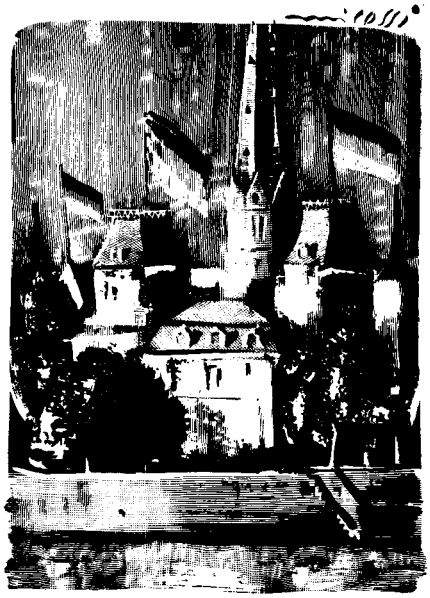
Schütz's first order of business was a confrontation with the still rebellious students, and he went to meet them on familiar ground—the auditorium of the Free University. As Schütz spoke, behind his back a coed in green stockings, flaming red skirt, and tailored Mao jacket held aloft a mocking poster: "This Is the Kind of Idiot Who Governs Us"; from the balcony a raucous student chorus chanted, "Break Schütz's fishy spine—all power to the workers' councils"; and a rhythmic "Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh!" greeted any statement displeasing to the ultras.

THE NEW MAYOR'S task is formidable, the challenge different and more subtle than that met head-on by his best-known predecessors, Ernst Reuter and Willy Brandt. The blockade in 1948, the Khrushchev ultimatum in 1958, and even the building of the Wall in 1961 were clearly external threats. But this time the threat is internal, a turbulence at the political heart of West Berlin.

The man now at the center of that turbulence seems serene as he gazes at the familiar ramparts. "I did not see a single clue during my year in the Foreign Office, or now in my weeks as mayor, indicating that Moscow has an active interest, at this time, in hotting up things in and around Berlin," Schütz told me. "I can think of several valid reasons in Russian thinking—their watchful waiting on Vietnam, active interest in the non-proliferation treaty, the Soviet Mediterranean penetration, Greece, the melancholy NATO disarray. . . . Still, it is a matter of record that the Soviets do not love us Berliners for our blue eyes, and in this city a long memory is imperative. Remember the halcyon year 1957? None of us living and working here then remotely anticipated the brusque ultimatum of November, 1958."

Such somber thoughts are bound to flash across the mind of anyone who regularly must ride the autobahn approaches to this city. True, the flow of traffic is clearing with what passes for normality. With each new year, and at both ends of the 110-mile autobahn funnel, the East German control apparatus looms larger, while the Soviet controls have shrunk to the trickle of military traffic of the three western powers: less than one per cent. But let those two lonely Soviet sentinels disappear, and there will be an ominous confrontation.

Just before taking off for Moscow recently, Walter Ulbricht, the East German leader, twice referred to West Berlin as a "suburb," and once as a *Bezirk*, or district, of his German Democratic Republic. In recent years, and at obvious Soviet insistence, the standard term has been "the special territory of West Berlin." Most Berlinologists, including the mayor, simply feel this is Ulbricht's nagging way of reminding Moscow that he never got the separate peace treaty promised him a decade ago by the ebullient Khrushchev—"before the lilacs bloom again."



No Gimmickry

Back in 1962, Bonn dispatched Schütz to Washington as troubleshooter and critic of the International Access Authority Plan circulating in the higher reaches of the State Department as a draft solution to the most acute problem facing Berlin. From time to time, this and similar plans for linking Berlin to the West surface again somewhere. "The flaw in all such plans, however well-meaning," Schütz told me, "is their gimmicky aspect. We are not going to solve the Berlin problem, which is a microcosm of the German problem, with panaceas."

Schütz is prepared to live with this problem: "As sensitive and vital as the access routes are, and as imperfect as the original wartime agreements were, that today is not the bind." Nor is it the recurring idea that Berlin should become a kind of international mart, or turntable, for East-West trade: "The present amount of trade between West Berlin and the entire East bloc is eight-tenths of one per cent. This is not because we do not want to sell, but because the East simply does not buy, or cannot pay. . . . Our living must be earned, competitively, in the West. Let's keep our feet on the carpet of reality." Nor is it the old Brandt concept of "change through new approaches" to the East: "Those who today are saying that Germany's future lies to the East remind me of those who convinced the last German Kaiser that Germany's future lay on the high seas."

The creation of the grand coalition in Bonn and the emergency dispatch of Schütz back to Berlin have finally brought Bonn and Berlin

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onto the same transmitting and receiving frequencies. Schütz sees the Federal Republic as the economically powerful German leviathan, while Berlin is the highly exposed pilot fish. He is against taking any steps not cleared and backed in Bonn. This was the case with his shrewd offer to negotiate for Christmas passes with the mayor of East Berlin—an attempt to get contacts back on the *municipal* level. This is looking at things through the right end of the telescope. (And a tacit admission, incidentally, that the 1963 "policy of little steps," a euphemism for Berlin flirtations with the surrounding East German state, was a false departure.)

What bothers the mayor is how much of his time must be taken away from state affairs to respond to the gadfly clamor of the students: "This new political radicalism is in part very earnest, in part a deep sense of personal engagement; but it is also at times bungling, laughable, even shameless."

Many observers believe that if the Berlin students or their hotheaded leaders were really acting in good faith, if they did indeed yearn for the democratic dialogue they forever invoke, then the person of the new and youthful mayor should at least have intrigued them. Schütz is a scholarly politician who understands most of their quotes (and misquotes) from Marcuse, Marx, Hegel, and Heraclitus the Obscure. In fact, however, after several tumultuous sessions, student reaction to Schütz has been one of sullen hostility.

One does not have to chat with them for long to discover why. Schütz, still a student as late as 1952, is a member of Germany's postwar generation. But a generation, after all, is a group best defined by shared experience. These youngsters of today are post-postwar. There are more than thirty thousand university-level students in Berlin today, and ninety-four per cent of these began their studies after the erection of the Wall in 1961. This ugliest of monuments has become a kind of emotional watershed between the generations.

What one generation has learned the hard way is seldom transferable as advice and never as experience. Schütz, visibly shaken after his first rude encounter with the student New Left, sensed this: "Each generation yearns to unwind the spool those just before it have been winding. Youthful skepticism and a bump of irreverence, up to a point, can be healthy. Not all our hallowed phrases of the 1950's ring true today. But the cold-war battles Berlin won were no sham battles, either. That is why the average Berliners are bitter at these haughty scofflaw students. This is why we in authority must draw a clear line between liberty and bloody-minded license. Those who talk of storming courthouses, and then do so, must, in a democracy, expect to be arrested and tried in those same courthouses."

Corrosion of Confidence

Because of Berlin's unique geography, there has also been a startling change in the sociology of the student body at the Free University. From its founding in 1948-1949 and throughout the 1950's, a third of the students were native Berliners, a third came via the autobahn from West Germany, and a third were refugees from East Germany. The East Germans, thirsting for academic freedom, often were the most active politically. They knew at first hand what life under Communism is like, and at the Free University they kept alive the flame of dedicated anti-Communism. After August 13, 1961, these were the most intense tunnelers, couriers, and escape artists—the militant cold warriors.

But the Wall has ended this balance. The number of West Berliners remains constant at a third, but the other two-thirds are from West Germany. The East German contingent has graduated. And the callow youths from West Germany bring with them an utterly new mentality, with neurotic nationalist undertones curiously obscured by the modish ultraleftist jargon.

In fairness, it must be recorded that the first reaction of West German youth to the Wall was one of the highest idealism and active resistance. Only when the Berlin establishment—Allied and German—equivocated, when scores of tunnelers were arrested or were evicted by the rector from their Free University lodgings, when their laboriously dug tunnels were either blasted or betrayed, then and only then came the perverse swing to the anti-anti-Communist Left: the neutralism, Castroism, Maoism, anti-Americanism, pro-Arabism, and demands for recognition of the German Democratic Republic.

This is much more than Berlin jitters. Many western diplomats have long been soothing themselves with the unspoken major assumption that somehow, even among a people as kinetic as the Germans, unity can wait; or the assumption that in a nation with such notoriously fissionable emotions, the issue of the national destiny could be swept under the rug. That, in short, a new generation would accept the partition their elders had seemingly learned to live with. All that has been stabilized is the ideologically aggressive East German régime, once the rotten borough of Communism. What is being corroded is long-range confidence in the future of the shored-up western position in Berlin. The threat of civil war, though not imminent, can no longer be dismissed. One senses at times a wintry, Brechtian atmosphere out of the raucous 1920's descending like a pall on the city.

BERLIN is still the largest industrial city in Germany. It is not only the largest of all German cities but the largest in Europe between Paris and Moscow. West Berlin, which has survived so much so buoyantly, can easily ride out one such political disaster as Heinrich Albertz's harrowing ten-month mayoralty. But for Klaus Schütz to fail in the job would mean much more than the blighting of one of the most promising political careers in West Germany. It would be, first off, a tremendous loss in prestige for the Social Democrats. This in turn could shatter that gentlemen's agreement on which the grand coalition in Bonn is founded. Finally, the radicals of the Left, with the radicals of the Right sniffing at their heels, could undermine that consensus of the Center which has been the real German political achievement since 1945. For Berlin remains the sore spot of Germany. "This city cannot be an outpost to us Germans," Schütz said. "It is the hinge on which the whole German question must someday turn."

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Reconciling the Conflict Of Highways and Cities

PRISCILLA DUNHILL

PROBABLY no man in the Federal government today has a clearer mandate to infuse new life into "creative Federalism"—that somewhat dispirited partnership of city, state, and national governments—than Lowell K. Bridwell, a forty-three-year-old Ohio newspaperman turned transportation specialist. As the new Federal Highways Administrator, Bridwell inherits that Federal colossus, the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads, and with it a headache of increasing severity: the conflict between cities and highways.

Just how serious that conflict has become is apparent from the recessed hearings of the Senate Committee on Public Works. The committee, which has jurisdiction over the Federal highway program, is seeking to learn why the nation's road-building program is foundering so disastrously in the cities; and why, with two-thirds of the program completed, half of the six thousand scheduled miles of urban highway remain unbuilt. Mayors, city planners, architects, and urban specialists have testified before the committee that highways have brutally dismembered cities. Engineer after engineer countered that the cities are getting the highways they ordered. But after six weeks of hearings it was clear that, where cities are concerned, it can no longer be business as usual with the Bureau of Public Roads (BPR).

No less than twenty-five cities are frantically trying to mitigate the powerfully disruptive effects of their urban highways. Cleveland is currently under heavy pressure from Governor James Rhodes to complete the last link in Ohio's interstate system, a link that is scheduled to drop an eighty-acre interchange into Shaker Lakes Park. In Baltimore, if Interstate 95 goes through, the city will lose its last stretch of historic waterfront. In Morristown, New Jersey, housewives sat in front of bulldozers to protest Interstate 287, a six-lane highway that would bisect the town. An expressway across the Connecticut River from Hanover, New Hampshire, would dump interchange traffic onto Wheelock Street, the heart of Dartmouth's campus. So the dreary tale goes on.

It is Lowell Bridwell who must somehow adjudicate these conflicts and pull cities and highway engineers into some kind of working entente. When Bridwell took office last April, defenders of the cities were generally unenthusiastic about his appointment. There was nothing in his background that would indicate great sympathy for city problems. He had been reared and educated in a small college town in Ohio. After graduating from Otterbein, he became a reporter for the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, which subsequently sent him to Washington, where he became their transportation specialist. From there, Bridwell went on to the Department of Commerce, where he helped to establish guidelines for the Department of Transportation. The cities found some solace in the fact that Bridwell was not an engineer and had a reputation for being open-minded. Moreover, now that he has been in office for ten months, it is apparent that some of his promises, while no different from those of his lackluster predecessor, engineer Rex M. Whitton, are being backed with action.

Taming the Juggernaut

Congress endorsed the massive Interstate Defense Highway program, which has had such an effect on the cities, in 1956 at the urging of President Eisenhower, who greatly admired the autobahns he had seen in Germany. It called for forty-one thousand miles of highway to be built with $41 billion (since upped to $51.2 billion) by 1972. Aside from its magnitude, the program was historic in two respects:

¶ It proposed a concept—new to the Federal government—of beautifully landscaped, divided, limited-access highways linking cities from coast to coast. Unlike the German models, however, U.S. highways were permitted to traverse cities.

¶ The program was to be financed from the self-perpetuating Highway Trust Fund, contributed to by gasoline taxes and taxes on spare auto parts, tires, and the like. (Today four cents on every gallon of gasoline sold goes into the fund, and it is estimated that each vehicle in its lifetime contributes $400 to it. This past fiscal year, $4.4 billion was apportioned to the states from the Trust Fund for highway building.) While such a fund contributes to the long-range stability of the highway program, freeing it from the need to seek continual refunding from Congress, it gives the program a power and momentum of its own. Even

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the manner in which funds are disbursed has made the highway builders singularly unresponsive to city or county pressures. From the Highway Trust Fund the Federal government pays ninety per cent of the cost of interstate highways, the states paying the remaining ten per cent. The state highway department plans and builds the highway, but it is BPR that must approve the final plans before releasing money.

As the ribbons of concrete began to roll across the country, Reno was separated by U.S. 40 from its beautiful and torrential Truckee River; a Boston expressway cut away part of the waterfront, which gradually died of attrition; and the Jones Falls Expressway obliterated Baltimore's civic pride, a park designed in the romantic tradition by Frederick Law Olmsted. By the early 1960's, disaster resulted wherever the highway engineer superimposed his highly successful rural highway on an urban landscape.

Cities awakened only slowly to their own defense. The reasons are complicated, but the major factor is money. The highways were free, while any other form of transit would cost the city dearly. Ten years ago, downtown business centers were dying and the tax base slipping. Cities grabbed at the highway gift as a possible device to head off the joint migration of industry and the middle class to the suburbs. Invariably business interests see it as a salvation and labor as a construction bonanza. Only historians, conservationists, and an occasional architects' committee questioned the larger environmental effects of a superhighway, and invariably their voices lacked power or money. Besides, ten years ago, when most urban highways were affixed to planning maps, who could envision the massive disruption of a highway crossing a city? And how many political leaders were equipped to challenge the judgment of the engineers?

Perhaps it was naïve of Congress to expect the highway engineer to comprehend the delicate and ailing nature of cities. His professional life is conditioned by two litanies, "the highway user's costs" (maintenance and construction costs paid by the motorists through the Highway Trust Fund) and "the highway user's benefits" (the motorist's convenience, safety, and pleasure). He has been religiously schooled to protect the motorist—who, after all, ultimately signs his paycheck.

The Alternatives

There are two possible solutions to this urban highway conflict. The first is mass urban transit, which means busses, trains, subways, or monorails. "Balanced modes of transit" is a pacifier trotted out by the administration whenever a distraught mayor beseeches Washington. But just how balanced were the Federal allotments for fiscal 1967? For mass urban transit there was $135 million, for high-speed ground transit $22 million, for the highway building program $4.4 billion. And Department of Transportation Secretary Alan Boyd is not about to disturb the ratios. Recently he stated, "Americans want mobility, and we can afford to pay for more mobility. We are now adding autos at the net rate of two million a year. As long as we have freedom of choice, we will have automobiles—and as long as we have automobiles, we will have to provide for them."

The second solution, and the only realistic one, is an urban highway that seams together a tired city instead of rending it further asunder and places the hydrocarbons, the noise, and the massive concrete barriers where they cannot defile parks, harbor views, and neighborhoods. In short, bury the highway. Bury it in a tunnel or behind an embankment of trees. Cantilever schools and parks over it, or stack housing and shopping plazas on the air rights over the highway. Stop cars at the edge of the city and park them in Federally financed garages.

The idea of a concealed highway is not new. In the fifteenth century Leonardo da Vinci made notebook sketches of a covered roadway. Park Avenue, built over the New York Central Railroad tracks, is one of the most successful "cut and cover" solutions in the United States. Stockholm is tunneling a network of roads from surrounding satellite towns into the heart of its fourteenth-century Old Town. This year Paris will open its Right Bank expressway, which tunnels under the bank of the Seine, leaving the quays to lovers and fishermen.

This solution—the roadway integrated into the environment—is the one Bridwell intends to use in building highways for U.S. cities. He believes he already has the legislation he needs to enable him to do so in the Federal-Aid Highway Act of 1962. Specifically, the act instructs BPR to withhold highway funds from any city of more than fifty thousand population that does not undertake a "continuing, comprehensive transportation planning process." In 1961 Congress also approved broader use of air rights over a highway, which has given impetus to the Joint Development Concept. A third tool Bridwell will use is the Urban Design Team, developed last year to solve Baltimore's ten-year-old impasse over Interstate 95. Such a team, representing many disciplines—architecture, engineering, city planning, sociology—will recommend a highway plan to a city administration before a final decision is reached.

Under the Joint Development Concept, a city would acquire a wider corridor of land than is needed for a highway, and sell at cost to BPR only the portion that would be required for the highway. A city can use this wider land corridor, plus the air rights over the highway, for the construction of schools, housing, parks, and the like.

The concept has obvious flaws. It forces a city to build linearly along the highway. For economic reasons such developments would not extend continuously along a highway but would resemble an occasional bead on a string. Assistant Secretary Charles Haar of Housing and Urban Development, concerned with the total picture of cities, is skeptical: "The 90-10 financing is a very persuasive tool. While Joint Development may answer some questions, it can be oversold. Look at the development over the approaches to the George Washington Bridge in New York. It is full of fumes and noise. It simply isn't a very pleasant place to live. The only way Joint Development can work is to consider it case by case."

While Bridwell is aware of Joint Development's limitations, he is

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pushing hard for its use in Brooklyn's Linear City, a development of schools, parks, and housing that would straddle a proposed cross-Brooklyn highway now in the earliest planning stages, and in Baltimore, Chicago, Washington, and New Orleans. "It offers," he maintains, "the greatest single hope in the Federal highway program for relieving a city's transportation problems."

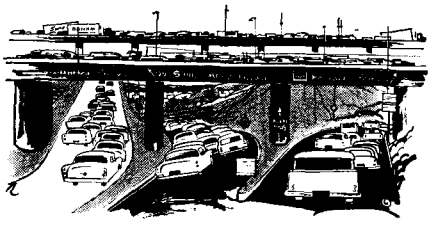
A Tale of Two Cities

There are major problems presented by the wording of the 1962 Highway Act itself, apart from the fact that it does not cover highways planned before 1965. What is "comprehensive" planning? What is "continuous" planning? To Rex Whitton, Bridwell's predecessor, it meant highway planning in the narrowest context. To Bridwell it means transportation planning preceded by extensive land-use studies, which in turn means that a city must have a predetermined image of itself. Does a city want a strong central core served by radial corridors? If so, its transportation needs will probably best be served by mass transit. Does it favor a proliferation of suburbs, thus dictating automobiles? "A city's conflict with a highway," Bridwell contends, "usually means an internal conflict within that city. It means a city has not yet thrashed out what it wants to be."

In examining the case histories of the cities embroiled in freeway fights, there is strong evidence that Bridwell is right. Compare, for example, the expressway Philadelphia is getting with that planned for New Orleans. After an incredibly bitter last-ditch fight, Philadelphia's leading citizens, with the help of Vice President Humphrey, extracted from BPR a cut-and-cover highway that will run for three and a half blocks along the Delaware River. New Orleans, despite the continued resistance of architects and French Quarter residents, is scheduled to get a six-lane elevated highway topped with a chain-link fence that will girdle the French Quarter, cross in front of Jackson Square, and block any view of the river.

Philadelphia's victory was predicated on a long history of city planning and civic involvement. New Orleans' record of civic lassitude is probably unmatched in the country —it is hard to imagine a tawdrier downtown than Canal Street, with its girlie shows and tattered palms. Both cities, in effect, may be getting what they deserve.

New Orleans represents Bridwell's first attempt to use the 1962 Highway Act and the Joint Development Concept to induce a community to build a better highway despite its willingness to settle for less. Though the city council approved the elevated expressway at the end of a stormy eleven-hour session in 1966, seven prominent citizens who had been opposed to the expressway took a new and apparently successful tack to defeat it. They submitted a brief which argued in part that the city had no bona fide long-range transportation plan



and that therefore the Riverfront Expressway did not meet the requirements of the 1962 act.

Although the expressway had city, state, and Federal approval, Bridwell agreed to investigate further. The Louisiana State Highway Engineers had staunchly maintained that the highway could not be moved one foot in any direction. Something was always in the way—railroad tracks, a levee, a brewery. Piecing together scraps of information, Bridwell discovered that for an additional $7 million, the elevated expressway could be moved fifty feet toward the river. If built at ground level on a bridgelike structure sunk into the levee, the highway could serve as a stabilizer for the levee, and a pedestrian plaza could be built over it, giving Jackson Square access to the Mississippi. This proposal is now under consideration by the city and the Louisiana State Highway Department. Before Bridwell will build this more costly highway, however, New Orleans must agree to three conditions: It must clear out all the warehouses and marginal buildings along the highway below Jackson Square, creating new land for hotel construction. It must build no new motels in the Quarter, now overrun with cars and people. It must close certain streets within the Quarter to auto traffic and convert other streets to through traffic.

How does Bridwell have the power to issue such ultimatums to a city? "I do not see them as ultimatums," Bridwell answers. "I like to call it the art of gentle persuasion. New Orleans need do nothing. BPR need not build the Riverfront Expressway."

PHILADELPHIA and, one hopes, New Orleans are success stories, comparatively speaking. But Bridwell can exceed his normal highway construction costs and upset established procedures in only a limited number of cases. And while the three tools that Bridwell is now utilizing—Joint Development, Urban Design Teams, and the 1962 Highway Act—are admirable improvements over the old BPR methods, money is the one factor glossed over by Bridwell yet brought up repeatedly at the Senate hearings. These new, vastly superior urban highways are going to require more money—much more. The threadbare criteria for computing a highway's cost—land acquisition, design, construction, and maintenance—no longer suffice. The picture must be broadened to include the true cost of a highway to a city. Who is to pay for the widened feeder streets and arterial roads that must now receive traffic disgorging from superhighways? Who will pay for off-street parking, for parking lots at the edge of downtown? (Parking-lot owners in most cities jealously and effectively guard any intrusion upon their domain.) What is the worth of a harbor vista, a park, a historical neighborhood? Who pays the cost of land taken from tax rolls, of land reduced in value because it borders a highway? Who pays the social cost of a neighborhood sliced in two? The answers to these questions involve much more than just highways. They involve the much more fundamental issue of national priorities: should this nation continue to subsidize the motorist at the expense of those who live in cities?

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The Advisers' Role In South Vietnam

PETER A. A. BERLE

IN 1962 President Kennedy assumed that the United States could best help the South Vietnamese fight "their" war by increasing the size of the American military advisory staff to their country from about 1,300 to close to 10,000. The subsequent evolvement of the conflict into "our" war must be attributed at least in part to our failure to appreciate the limitations on what a military adviser can accomplish; when the commitment was made and large numbers of Americans became involved in Vietnam, the stage was set for what has followed.

The proper use of advisers is still heatedly discussed in American circles in Saigon. According to one school of thought, advice should be supplied only at the highest echelon of the government in order to encourage local initiative and force the Vietnamese to develop their own methods of solving problems. The proponents argue that the Vietnamese will never be able to govern themselves if there is an American at every layer of their government telling them what to do.

The opposite view, which has become United States policy, is that the governmental, administrative, and military structure of South Vietnam can best develop if an American adviser is at the side of every Vietnamese in a position of authority. Without close supervision, as Americans have learned from bitter experience, programs get sidetracked and aid does not reach the people in the countryside. With an American adviser in the field, it is hoped that the more flagrant forms of graft and inefficiency are being checked. Furthermore, the magnitude of the commitment and the pressure for success is so great that the United States can no longer risk the failure of its major programs in Vietnam.

Today every Vietnamese Army, Airborne, Ranger, and Marine Corps battalion has an American adviser. Most Vietnamese regiments have two —a senior adviser and a staff adviser; Vietnamese divisions have a greater number, with one American responsible for advising each division staff section. At the corps level, American advisers are so numerous that they frequently require separate office facilities. Some are so burdened with processing reports from other advisers that they rarely see the Vietnamese they are supposed to advise.

In addition to advisers to military units, there is an advisory group assigned to each of the forty-four province chiefs, and an adviser to nearly all of the some two hundred-odd district chiefs. Vietnamese with executive responsibility in the larger cities and within the central government frequently have American advisers as well. In addition a large number of civilian specialists are scattered through the countryside, advising the Vietnamese in everything from agriculture to police training.

A Tricky Position

As an individual the American adviser in the field is the forgotten hero of the war. Largely unnoticed by U.S. newsmen who find big concentrations of American troops an easier source of stories, the battalion and district or subsector adviser lives either alone in close, day-and-night contact with the Vietnamese or isolated from all but a very few other Americans.

Although the adviser to a Vietnamese battalion is likely to be a U.S. Army captain, he can only advise—he cannot command. And he has no means of ensuring that his advice will be accepted. He probably has greater exposure to enemy action during his six-month tour in the field than any other American in Vietnam. His security depends on his wits, his political sense, and the protection supplied by Vietnamese troops. He is often unable to communicate with these troops, although he now can call for combat support from adjoining U.S. units.

The district adviser—typically a U.S. Army major, though occasionally a civilian—lives in close proximity to the district headquarters and district chief. As the most prominent symbol of governmental control, the headquarters is a favored target for enemy attacks and the American adviser is regarded as a special prize. In the village of Hieu Nhon, behind the military command post, which is buried in sandbags and identifiable by its radio antenna, stand three crumbling walls of a roofless house. It was once inhabited by the American adviser to the district chief. The Vietcong put satchel charges against a wall while the adviser was sleeping one night last year. The blast took the wall, the adviser in his bunk next to it, and the roof. The district chief's house a few feet away was set afire with the chief and his wife and children asleep inside. Enemy forces then attempted to overrun the headquarters building. A concrete slab in the center of Hieu Nhon's dirt square lists the names of those killed in action that night. In the midst of the Vietnamese names, that of Dai Uý (Vietnamese

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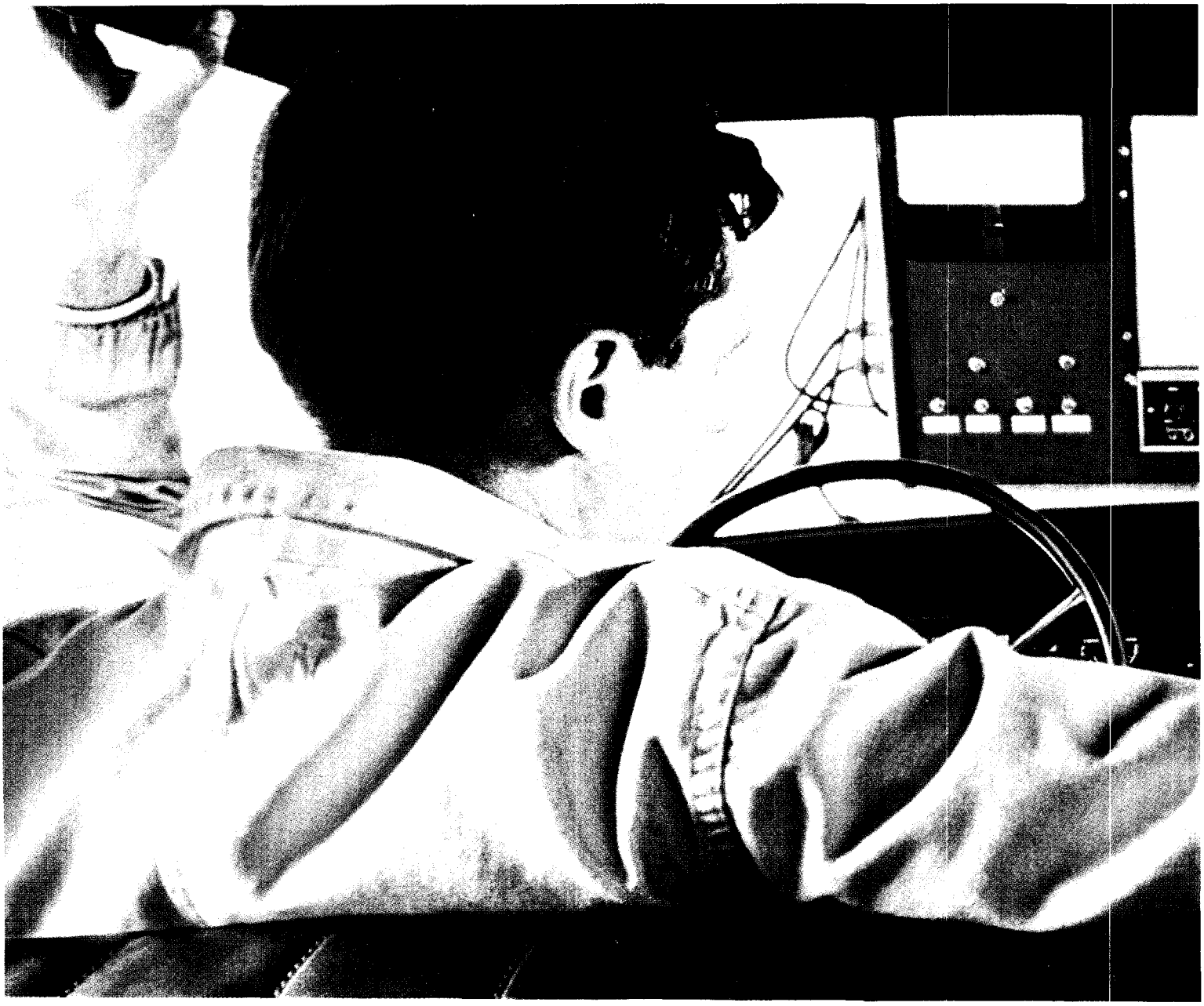

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The driver is a scientist from our Esso Research laboratory. The man next to him is a Chrysler Corporation engineer. They are part of a new joint research effort aimed at finding ways to eliminate air pollution from automobiles.

They're travelling along at 20 mph. Now they're accelerating to 30 mph...40 mph...50 mph.

The car isn't moving an inch. It's in a laboratory. Where scientists from Chrysler and Esso Research can drive the way you might drive on a crowded highway. Where they analyze the effect of different driving patterns on air pollution. Where they study new engine devices and fuel changes. How these devices and changes affect one another. And how they cut down on air pollution.

Air pollution from cars concerns all of us. And Jersey and Chrysler figure that by pooling their technological knowledge they'll help find solutions to it a lot faster.

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way to look at the air pollution problem.

One thing they're studying is how to burn gasoline more completely. Unburned gasoline vapors can cause pollution. All of Chrysler's 1968 cars have engines designed to cut down on unburned gasoline coming from the exhaust—and on carbon monoxide, as well.

Chrysler has redesigned its carburetors to promote better combustion.

And our affiliate, Humble Oil & Refining Company, has a new gasoline that helps your whole engine work better—by keeping your carburetor, intake manifold, crankcase ventilation valve and other important parts free of deposits.

Esso Research and Chrysler scientists are studying how to keep gasoline from evaporating from your gas tank and carburetor and escaping into the air. They're working to find the best combination of fuel formula and fuel system.

They are studying catalysts that can change pollutants into nonpollutants. They're working on better ways to get the air and fuel into the combustion chamber. And better lubricants to make all these things keep working better.

These are some of the ways Jersey and Chrysler are attacking one of today's many sources of air pollution.

It's not an easy job. But the solutions will be coming. And two heads are better than one.

Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)

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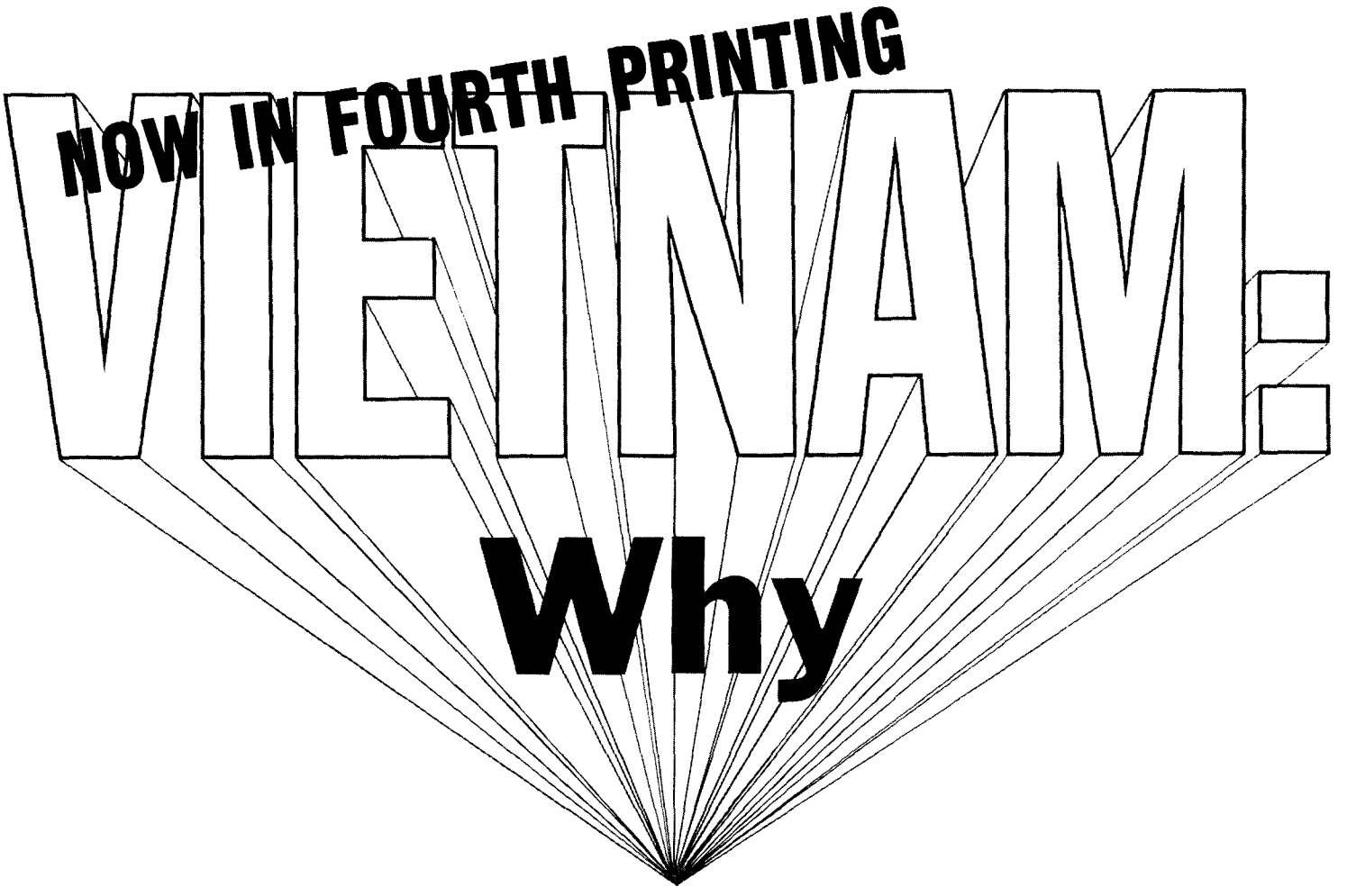

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for Captain) Thomas Sapple is inscribed. The inscription does not identify him as a member of a foreign army or place him in a different category from others who lost their lives at Hieu Nhon. He was one of them.

The adviser's position is not one for which conventional military training or teaching has prepared him. Giving advice to anyone is difficult; doing it on a daily basis is more so. Add differences of culture, language, and a strong feeling of independence on the part of the Vietnamese, and it is evident that the effective adviser must be a special breed.

EVEN the best men in the field find that their advice is often rejected—sometimes for good reason and sometimes because the Vietnamese counterpart feels he must prove he is not a puppet. Recently a Vietnamese regiment in the Highlands missed an opportunity to catch a Vietcong unit making a rice pickup. Although information on the whereabouts of the enemy had been received from American sources, the Vietnamese regimental commander would not move unless he had confirmed intelligence through his own channels. He did not want it to appear to his staff and troops that he was being told what to do.

Some advisers attempt to persuade through sheer example—others do it more bluntly. One adviser found that his counterpart would not order adequate defensive preparations to be made around their outpost. He asked an adjoining U.S. artillery unit to plot fields of fire within a few yards of the gate and called for a demonstration. While the shells were exploding on all sides, he told his counterpart that if the enemy attacked he would call on the artillery unit once more. He added that he would do the same thing if anyone tried to abandon the post in fear of an attack because he would consider such people deserters and thus probably Vietcong. Defensive holes were dug the next morning.

Despite his lack of authority, there are specific things the military adviser can accomplish. He can demonstrate how to use and service new or unfamiliar U.S. equipment and how to train troops in its employment. He can make a significant contribution to Vietnamese tactical plans when they involve the potentialities and limitations of the helicopter.

Also, the good adviser imparts a sense of American expectation to his Vietnamese counterpart. This can lead to frustration on both sides. The aggressive young adviser, facing a six-month tour with a Vietnamese field unit and eager to emerge with the badges of combat, insists that operations be scheduled seven days a week. His counterpart, who may have been in the field since the Second World War and who expects to remain there long after this adviser and others after him have gone home, refuses to go out on Sundays. Positive results accompany the frustration. Some advisers here achieved significant improvement in the conduct of Vietnamese forces—chicken stealing is

diminished or stopped, treatment of prisoners is improved. At times a needed sense of urgency is conveyed. Not long ago a concerned Vietnamese division commander was overheard closing a discussion of a pacification operation with his staff by saying: "The Americans are interested in this and we've got to make it work—otherwise they will start running everything and they will be worse than the French."

Frequently mutual respect and strong friendship between the adviser and his counterpart create an efficient team. And personal bonds with an American make the particular Vietnamese a more understanding ally in the future.

Finally, the adviser serves as a liaison officer between the Vietnamese unit and U.S. and other allied forces—a role he did not play before the introduction of U.S. combat units. Here he probably fulfills his most useful, if non-advisory, function. Difficulties in communication make it practically impossible to provide American fire support to a Vietnamese unit unless there is an American with them. The adviser calls and controls air and artillery strikes in support of his unit. When a squadron of Vietnamese armored personnel carriers came under attack in the I Corps region on an operation last spring, impending disaster was turned into a decisive enemy defeat when the American adviser stood on top of one of the vehicles and calmly directed American air strikes by radio to lay down their ordnance on the enemy a stone's throw away.

Pluses and Minuses

But the adviser is not necessarily the best or the only means of improving Vietnamese military performance. Training courses can often achieve greater results. While taking advice can connote loss of face, attendance at a training course is a symbol of prestige for either an individual or a unit. The Vietnamese have responded well to formal instruction. Advisers working with units recently completing the Revolutionary Development Training Course—a program designed to prepare troops to provide security within areas that Revolutionary Development teams are working—say that the attitude and discipline of troops is markedly improved. Greater emphasis on formal course instruction would permit U.S. officers with technical skills and ability to communicate to be concentrated and to reach a greater number of Vietnamese.

Performance is also improved if Vietnamese forces do not operate alone. On combined operations with other allied forces they tend to be more aggressive and more effective in battle. The availability of American air, artillery, and medical facilities is one reason; pride is another.

Some factors that limit the combat capability of South Vietnamese forces cannot be eliminated by either military training or advice. The job tenure of a district chief or an army commander often depends on his re-

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lations with Saigon. Some find it more advantageous to maintain their political fences in the capital than to accomplish their mission in the field. Some province chiefs find that

army commanders seeking clearance to conduct operations in their provinces are political rivals, and may feel compelled to withhold the clearance long enough to affirm their own authority. This preserves their fiefdom even though it may permit the enemy to escape. The U.S. military officer who becomes an adviser is frequently insensitive to these political subtleties. In most cases, there has been nothing in his background to prepare him for them.

CAN the advisory effort put the Vietnamese military in a position to wage "their" war? Recent history shows that it takes more than advisers. However, given sufficient time and American support, the prospects are not hopeless if the number of enemy forces infiltrated into the South is not vastly increased.

The quality of Vietnamese leadership in the field does appear to be improving, particularly among younger officers. The majority of advisers attached to field units will tell you that their counterpart is more effective than his predecessor.

Relative political stability has also had a marked effect. Advisers with elite or highly mobile units that were involved in the coups and countercoups that took place after the fall of the Diem régime in 1963 say that the endless whispered conversations and hurried secret conferences that used to go on among the officers no longer take place. There also appears to be an increased willingness to go out in the field. Previously, these units stayed closer to centers of political power in order to maintain the existing régime or to engineer its replacement.

A district chief in Long An Province, south of Saigon, who blew up the bridges between his headquarters and the city to prevent coup forces from converging on Diem in 1962, is now participating in operations against the enemy conducted by forces that were on both sides of the Diem power struggle. In the northern portion of I Corps, where the Buddhist Struggle Movement erupted in Hué in 1966, South Vietnamese units faced each other in a confrontation that threatened to become a separate war within the war. Now the ARVN 1st Division conducts joint operations combining local Rural and Popular Force units, attached airborne units rotated from Saigon, and its own battalions. It has been able to mount these operations on less than a day's notice, indicating that for the moment at least the division commander and province chiefs are working together.

Anyone who has been in the field with the Vietnamese has witnessed examples of remarkable individual bravery and determination: a part-time Popular Force militiaman who died with his family in a hole in front of his village firing an obsolete rifle against a foe armed with the latest Chinese automatic weapons; an airborne trooper who has continued an assault after his unit has taken forty per cent casualties in the Demilitarized Zone. These men, like many other Vietnamese, both civilian and military, feel they would not be permitted to survive under a government dominated by Ho Chi Minh because of their conduct or beliefs.

The Korean example demonstrates that it is possible to rebuild a military force from top to bottom. An American colonel now advising a Vietnamese division told me how he had been a commander of a U.S. battalion in Korea during the heat of the conflict. A great many of his men were lost when South Korean units protecting his flank broke and ran under fire. That same Korean division is now one of the most effective fighting forces of any kind in Vietnam. Korean troops in Vietnam distinguish themselves under fire and have been successful in almost eliminating terrorist activity in areas to which they are assigned, even though the effectiveness of their rough type of "pacification" is still to be demonstrated.

The Limits of the Task

The success of the advisory effort ultimately depends on the quality of the adviser and his counterpart. The U.S. adviser whose sole military experience has been running a billeting office in Germany (and there are some in Vietnam) cannot give much advice to a Vietnamese who has led forces against the Japanese, the French, and the Vietcong. Similarly the best-qualified U.S. adviser will get nowhere with a Vietnamese counterpart who is hopelessly corrupt or unwilling to make a decision. Advisers complain that their superiors judge them by the performances of the Vietnamese they advise—a practice they consider grossly unfair.

Since command of a U.S. unit in the field is considered more desirable professional experience than a Vietnamese advisory position, some capable officers are reluctant to become advisers. Also the expansion of U.S. forces means that experienced officers are in short supply. Thus some observers feel that the capability of the advisers has diminished. A continuing effort must be made to select advisers from the best of our own military if the improvement in Vietnamese leadership is to continue.

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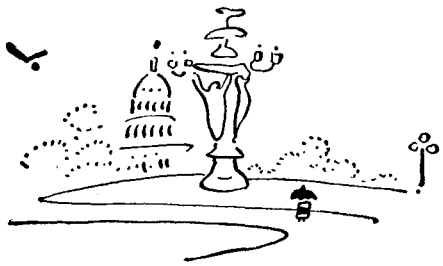

When in Doubt, Form a Committee

REPRESENTATIVE CHARLES McC. MATHIAS, JR.

If government of, by, and for the people is not to perish, then government of the government must improve. After more than three decades of leaping and creeping growth, Federal agencies crowd each other like the cities and suburbs of the Eastern megalopolis. Jurisdictions clash and lines of policy collide. Careful planning in one office contradicts decisions in the next. Paper work consumes at least seven per cent of the administrative budget, or about $9.5 billion this fiscal year.

These perils of size have been compounded by problems of style. Most of the Federal establishment's pyramids of authority were built for yesterday's specific jobs: constructing highways, running national parks, gathering unemployment data, improving medical services. To apply the promising new systems techniques—to build a road without destroying the adjacent park, to train the unemployed to fill jobs in new clinics—Federal agencies must advance beyond mutual tolerance to unprecedented working accords.

What Is a Committee?

The traditional drives for honesty, efficiency, economy, and talent in the Federal service have not ended, but a new drive has begun. The battle cry on all fronts is "co-ordination." To achieve this goal despite fragmented laws, competing Congressional interests, and jealous internal and external lobbies, the bureaucracy has chosen not the shotgun or the sword but its favorite blunt instrument: the committee.

The Bureau of the Budget has decisively defined an interagency committee as "any formally constituted committee, board, commission, council, conference, panel, task force, or other similar group, or any subcommittee or other subgroup thereof, that is composed of officers or employees of more than one department or agency of the Government and that is organized to meet from time to time for purposes of formulating advice or recommendations, or for any other stated purpose."

This umbrella covers such top-level bodies as the National Security Council, the Federal Council for Science and Technology, and the President's Committee on Recreation and Natural Beauty. It covers the Committee of Principals, which, with its subordinate Committee of Deputies, has hammered out foreign-policy positions since 1958 and since March, 1966, has been aided by the Senior Interdepartmental Group, which in turn is served by five Interdepartmental Regional Groups.

The Budget Bureau definition also covers hundreds of less prominent groups that cut horizontally and diagonally through the organization charts, and tangentially to them. One is the Census Advisory Committee on Small Areas. A second is the Conference on Arthropods of Public Health Importance. Others include the Interagency Committee on Fishermen's Bargaining Rights, the Project Cloud Gap Steering Committee, the Interdepartmental Coordinating Committee on School-Age Pregnancies, and the Interdepartmental Coordinating Committee on Teen-Age Parents.

There is a committee to co-ordinate nearly every concern of man. There is a committee on shoes and at least one on ships. There is none on sealing wax, but there is one to test floor wax in Region 2 of the General Services Administration. And while neither cabbages nor kings have been co-ordinated, both may fall within the realm of the Commerce Department's Interagency *Committee on Research in Great Society Programs.*

The missions of some co-ordinating groups are relatively clear. The Toxic Micro-Organisms Panel of the Joint United States-Japanese Cooperation on Development of Natural Resources, for example, was established by bilateral communiqué in 1964, and is now planning next fall's joint U.S.-Japanese Symposium on botulism-mycotoxin, in which four agencies are investing a total of $26,000. The Government Industry Steering Committee on Airline Sabotage, chaired by the Federal Aviation Agency, reviews the latest developments in bomb detection, while the Aircraft Emergency Arresting Systems Committee is seeking better ways to stop runaway jumbo jets on the ground.

The State Department's Panama Review Group and its field counterpart, the Panama Review Committee, oversee the work of the Washington Level Coordinating Committee and its field counterpart, the Canal Zone Information Coordinating Committee. Their assignment, according to the State Department, is to develop "opportunities to improve the Canal Zone's image in Panama and to clarify for audiences in Panama, the Canal Zone, Latin America, and the rest of the World, U.S. policy on the Canal Zone and the Canal."

State also sits on the Interagency Working Group on Psychological Operations in Critical Areas, a panel created in 1965, which is chaired by the U.S. Information Agency and includes members from Defense and the CIA. As USIA reported last spring, this body's purpose, "arising from

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the experience of the Dominican Republic crisis of that year, is to co-ordinate planning by the member agencies for information and psychological warfare activities in future crises where U.S. Armed Forces are involved. It is necessary for this group to continue to watch and plan for potential crises, alerting the member agencies when an emergency impends."

IN THE INTEREST of comprehension and rudimentary control, the Bureau of the Budget for the past few years has required all Federal departments and agencies to report each April on the existence, if not the activities, of most of the interagency committees they run. Budget Bureau Circular A-63, issued on March 2, 1964, also suggests that agencies should define "the scope and nature of the committee's assignment, the official to whom the committee will report, and what it is that the committee is expected to do, e.g., advise, investigate, report, recommend, etc."

Despite efforts by a small Budget Bureau staff to pursue Circular A-63, no grand total of interagency groups can be compiled, because various departments' reports are only more or less complete, subpanels are not always differentiated from parent groups, committees may be mentioned twice in a single year or not at all, and the entire Defense Department report has been classified. Nor is it possible to ferret out the active membership of most interagency groups, the frequency of their meetings, or their impact on anything. The reports do, however, illuminate some of the lengths to which committees may extend themselves in modern government.

In his 1967 report under A-63, Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz listed the Interdepartmental Committee on International Labor Policy as one of the more than 120 groups with Labor Department membership. He observed: "Inadvertently, in the Department's 1965 report to the Budget Bureau, this Committee was reported abolished. It is still in existence and is chaired by the Department of Labor. Originally it was a subcommittee of the Interdepartmental Committee on International Social Policy which was established by Presidential letter on November 25, 1946. The Interdepartmental Committee on International Social Policy was terminated by Presidential direction in October 1951. However, the subcommittee subsequently became the Interdepartmental Committee on International Labor Policy and was established by the Department of State. When there is a disagreement on position papers for international meetings, this Committee discusses the matter and resolves the disagreement." The Secretary recommended that the panel be continued.

In 1965 the Department of Agriculture prepared a list of no fewer than 320 interagency projects in which USDA personnel were involved. These ranged from the Commodity Exchange Commission, the Condor Advisory Committee, and the Work Group on Flow Frequency Analysis to such lesser panels as the Interdepartmental Committee on Seasonal Adjustment, the Federal Advisory Committee on Water Data, and the Southeast Alaska Federal Safety Council. The Agriculture Department report last spring did not bring the Budget Bureau up to date on all 320 groups, but did note that secretarial costs for twenty-six panels run by the department had totaled $12,560.08 in 1966. The smallest individual item, carefully reported on USDA Form AD-247, was $12.60 for two meetings of the Arizona Rural Fire Defense Committee.

An Endless Proliferation

Some panels, particularly task forces and working groups, are short-lived. Others may stand for years without sitting at all. The Budget Bureau seldom kills committees, since active groups generally can be justified by their sponsors, while the Bureau's capital with many agencies is too meager to be squandered on eliminating paper panels.

Once in a while, however, a group does die, as did the President's Task Force on Community Assistance. This body was created in 1964, but the Secretary of Commerce noted last May that its work had been hampered by "changes in membership and direction, and by the termination of the Area Redevelopment Administration" in 1965. He also noted that other groups "with similar purposes and overlapping membership have come into existence," and that currently "neither Labor nor Commerce has a designated member . . . and the posts of Executive and Deputy Director of the Task Force are vacant."

Whenever a committee dies, another one springs up to take its place. In fiscal 1967 the Agriculture Department, for example, abolished twelve standing groups and thirty-six ad hoc bodies, but created twenty-one new ones. The Civil Service Commission ended fourteen but started twenty-six. The State Department reported a net loss of three, but Housing and Urban Development added several, including the Interagency Group on Flood Plain Occupancy Data and Studies, and the Interdepartmental Task Force on the Delaware Expressway. The HUD report, submitted last April 27, noted that the Joint Task Force on Health, Education and Welfare Services and Housing had "completed its work and was abolished," but the HEW report of May 29 recommended that the same committee be continued. (HUD might have been thinking of the Ad Hoc Committee to Prepare a Brochure on HEW-Housing Programs, also called the Ad Hoc Committee on New Programs in HEW-HUD. This thirteen-member subcommittee of the Joint Task Force, formed in 1963, was dissolved this year after publishing two editions of a fifty-page pamphlet.)

Last spring, without explanation, the Office of Emergency Planning announced the passing of the Advisory Committee on Emergency Systems for Resource Evaluation, the Interdepartmental Disposal Committee, the Interagency Task Force on Emergency Health Preparedness Items, the Stockpile Storage Committee, and the Interagency Committee on Essential Survival Items. About the same time, however, the President created the Coordinating Committee on Economic Planning for the End of Vietnam Hostilities. In a memorandum of March 1, the President directed this new group, headed by the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, "to begin at once a major and co-ordinated effort to review our readiness to make the economic adjustments which a termination of hostilities in Vietnam might require." At his news conference the following

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day, the President declared: "We have, from the very beginning, tried to keep our hand out and our guard up."

SOMETIMES the simple creation of a co-ordinating committee fills an administrative need—the need to show that something is being done. In other cases, committees may actually achieve what they are expected to do. Probably the most remarkable accomplishment by an interagency panel last year was the triumph of the Foreign Area Research Coordinating Group, headed by the State Department, which recently announced that twenty-one government agencies, including the CIA and other intelligence arms, have adopted a uniform code of procedures to govern Federal support of academic research on foreign countries, an investment totaling about $35 million a year. The guidelines, which among other things prohibit secret financing of such research, are the product of a struggle for control over potentially sensitive projects that began with the international furore over Project Camelot in 1965.

Progress has also been reported in less newsworthy fields, by middle-level groups such as the Federal Interagency Committee on Education (FIACE), a relatively active body that operates at subcabinet levels with up to thirty-five members and a current staff of four. FIACE, with three standing subcommittees, not only promotes uniformity among agencies on educational endeavors such as the granting of fellowships to veterans, but also reaches out from time to time to lobby for the educational community within the government. Its most recent foray was last December, when a special task force sent the White House a report urging wide draft deferments for graduate students, a position offsetting the narrower recommendations of the Interagency Advisory Committee on Essential Activities and Critical Occupations.

The management of urban programs has predictably given Federal co-ordination its sternest test. The ultimate and elusive goal is "co-ordination" in its most athletic sense, a kind of governmental muscle tone that combines program strength with administrative agility. The creation of HUD in 1965 was a preliminary step, which elevated the housing agencies to the cabinet table. But the rapid advance in urban concepts, from physical renewal alone to the blend of physical and social rehabilitation embodied in the Model Cities program, has made closer working ties between departments imperative.

To achieve such harmony with minimal shuffling of offices, the administration has buttressed the committee approach with the "convenor order," a device which, while not supplanting interagency panels, at

least establishes who the chairman is and puts the influence of the White House behind his chair. The President launched this experiment in August, 1966, when he authorized the Secretary of HUD to "convene" meetings and conferences on programs affecting urban areas. So far HUD's convenor powers have been exercised on behalf of the pilot program of neighborhood service centers and the full-fledged Model Cities program. Full returns are not yet in, since the neighborhood centers are just emerging from the planning stage, and Model Cities has only progressed from pre-planning to planning. According to HUD spokesmen, however, the innumerable meetings convened to organize the two efforts have been highly productive.

One participant in the neighborhood centers program did observe that other agencies' co-operation with HUD improved dramatically last spring when the program's management was elevated within HUD from a line office to the Office of the Secretary. This step was in accord with the general laws of bureaucratic gravity, under which problems tend to rise. Thus interlocking subcommittees of the cabinet, such as the President's Committee on Manpower and the Economic Opportunity Council, have been created one beside another to handle the problems that lower-level interagency alliances can't resolve. Thus the co-ordinating authority in a few particularly prominent fields has been raised from line agencies to adjuncts of the Executive Office of the President, such as the Office of Economic Opportunity and the Water Resources Council. Thus some critics of the present confusion have advocated still more exalted offices to co-ordinate co-ordination at the top.

Weaver's Web

Yet just as problems tend to rise, solutions tend to sink. A hint of the battle ahead was offered by HUD Secretary Robert C. Weaver in a September report to the President on behalf of a Joint Administrative Task Force created at Presidential direction last May to "dig deeply into the problem of unnecessary red tape" and cut the time required to process applications for Federal grants.

The Joint Administrative Task Force, Secretary Weaver reported, "completed a study of forty-two programs in four broad areas," involving eight departments and agencies. In the manpower field, the Task Force established a Systems Improvement Team, which analyzed some of the programs covered by the Cooperative Area Manpower Planning System developed last spring by the National Manpower Coordinating Committee. In the area of water and sewer programs, renewed efforts to cut confusion were made by a four-agency group representing the Interagency Coordinating Committee set up in 1965. Twenty-two programs embraced by the Model Cities concept were "placed under the microscope of a Model Cities System Improvement Team." Eleven programs in HEW, HUD, and OEO, to be included in the neighborhood centers pilot

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program, were reviewed by an Interagency Study Group "under the joint sponsorship of the Bureau of the Budget and the Executive Officers Group," which made its recommendations to the Washington Interagency Review Committee in charge of the program.

The product of all this was a report declaring that processing time for grant applications could be reduced by an average of fifty per cent. Applications for Hill-Burton hospital construction funds, for example, could be handled in five working days instead of eleven. Community action programs could be financed in eighty-eight workdays instead of 135. Urban-renewal projects, the report announced, could be approved in an average of 295 working days (one year plus seven weeks) instead of the current average of 495 days.

"Ahead," said Secretary Weaver, "are the large tasks of completing implementation, examining additional programs, and developing bold and innovative methods to co-ordinate Federal activities still more effectively."

SO THE BATTLE goes on. The Department of Transportation has been established, but the President's proposal to merge the Labor and Commerce Departments was referred to the President's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy, which in turn referred the idea to a working group headed by the Budget Bureau. After promoting the creation of regional economic development commissions to decentralize administration of combined Federal-state programs and promote long-range regional planning, the administration has now ordered the Secretary of Commerce to co-ordinate these commissions, and has created a new committee of Assistant Secretaries from ten agencies to do the job.

The ultimate weapon, as always, is Presidential power. Unless and until this power is used to prune the bureaucracy, weed out duplications, and combine narrow programs into flexible new forms, "co-ordination" will remain more a cliché than an accomplishment. As currently practiced by Executive committees, co-ordination has already become a big word with little meaning.

The Pros and Cons Of Stop and Frisk

RICHARD H. KUH

SAMUEL LASKY, an off-duty New York City patrolman, was showering in his sixth-floor Mount Vernon apartment one afternoon in the summer of 1964 when he heard a noise at his front door. He went to the peephole and saw two men tiptoeing in the hall. He immediately phoned the local police, threw on some clothes, and returned to his door. The two men were heading quietly toward the stairs. With his service revolver in hand, Lasky ran into the hall. The tiptoers ran, too, but Lasky succeeded in apprehending one of them, John Francis Peters, who claimed that he had been looking for a girl friend, a married woman, in the building. Chivalrously, he refused to divulge her name. Lasky frisked Peters—that is, he patted Peters's clothing to see if he was carrying a weapon. He felt a hard object, which on inspection turned out to be a plastic case containing picks, wrenches, and a tension bar.

Peters was charged with possession of burglars' tools. His attorney sought to have the charge dismissed on the ground that Peters's detention and frisking were in violation of his Constitutional rights against unlawful search and seizure. When this argument proved unsuccessful, Peters pleaded guilty, reserving his rights, under New York State procedure, to appeal. And appeal he did. Ultimately, after taking the case through the state's appellate courts without success, Peters pressed his claim in the United States Supreme Court.

Is Suspicion Enough?

Last December 11 and 12, Peters's case was argued before the Justices in Washington, along with two other cases involving "stop and frisk," one from New York and one from Ohio. At this writing, the three cases are *sub judice*—fully argued but as yet undecided.

"Stop and frisk" is the police power to stop someone—forcibly, if resisted—without formally placing him under arrest, when his actions, although not obviously criminal, arouse strong suspicion. For instance, a patrolman on his beat hears a woman scream inside an apartment building and moments later sees a man leaving the building. The policeman knows of no crime; but shouldn't he stop the man and ask a few pertinent questions, or perhaps detain him while the source of the scream is being checked? Without the stop-and-frisk power, he could not intervene.

In this and hundreds of similar situations, the police clearly have no power to arrest the suspect. They can make an arrest only when they believe their prisoner has committed or is committing a specific known crime, and when they are ready to charge him with it, book him at a local station house, and bring him to the criminal courts to answer the charge. Short of that, they rely on the stop-and-frisk power, which involves far less of an intrusion or deprivation of freedom. They need only have a reasonable suspicion of criminal conduct, not a reasonable cause to believe a specific crime has been committed. After a field investigation, including possibly a quick search, the suspect must be turned loose or, if further information has been turned up, he must be formally charged with a crime and arrested.

The difference in the two words "suspicion" and "belief," and in the results to flow from them, has heated the tempers of both civil libertarians and champions of police power. Extremists on both sides of the controversy over the stop-and-frisk power are rooting for a winner-take-all decision by the Supreme Court: one group would bar police from stopping anyone unless his acts are so blatantly dangerous as to justify placing him under arrest, while the other would broadly ratify continued police stopping on suspicion with few if any limitations upon the

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individual officer's judgment. Before we consider a possible middle course, the dangers inherent in the stop-and-frisk power merit attention.

THE PRESIDENT'S Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice, although favoring the right of police to stop suspects whether or not they co-operate voluntarily, noted in its 1967 Task Force Report on the Police: "Misuse of field interrogation . . . is causing serious friction with minority groups in many localities. This is becoming particularly true as more police departments adopt 'aggressive patrol' in which officers are encouraged routinely to stop and question persons on the street who are unknown to them, who are suspicious, or whose purpose for being abroad is not readily evident. . . . both minority group leaders and persons sympathetic to minority groups throughout the country were almost unanimous in labelling field interrogation as a principal problem in police-community relations."

This alarm was more pointedly noted in a legal brief submitted to the Supreme Court by the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund: "The evidence is weighty and uncontradicted that stop and frisk power is employed by the police most frequently against the inhabitants of our inner cities, racial minorities and the underprivileged."

One of our ablest judges, Charles D. Breitel of New York, in urging the American Law Institute—a congress of leading lawyers, judges, and law professors—to approve the power of stopping on suspicion, stated that the most likely victims of street crimes are the poor and members of minority groups; these are the persons most in need of the protections that stop and frisk affords. But the corollary of extensive stopping on suspicion in slum areas is that law-abiding residents of such areas will be stopped far more often than will law-abiding persons in other areas. The occasional inconvenience of stop and frisk to the majority may be so frequent as to suggest willful harassment to the minority.

The claims of harassment are understandable, but they may be overstressed. In New York State, stop and frisk has had statutory ratification since July 1, 1964. When the statute was passed, an Emergency Committee for Public Safety pledged to "proceed to establishing and providing free legal dissent for any persons oppressed under the new laws." Although this and other pressure groups have tried unsuccessfully to repeal the state law, their inability to find any cases that dramatize the evils they foresaw strongly suggests that the law's abuses have not been significant. None of the cases now before the Supreme Court appear

to involve slapdash, arrogant police action against members of minority groups, and no particular case has arisen—as opposed to broad condemnatory generalities—in which it has even been alleged that the stop-and-frisk power has been misused discriminatorily.

Practical Guidance

What is needed, rather than a blanket ratification or a blanket condemnation by the Supreme Court of stopping on suspicion, is a rapprochement that will preserve the stopping power while refraining from such abuses of it as may further strain racial relations. This will require legislation that carefully defines and limits the stopping power, and judicial action that ratifies stopping on suspicion but only under circumstances that make that stopping reasonable.

In addition, this rapprochement can be furthered through enforced police regulations that inform patrolmen in the field just what they are supposed to do and not to do. After New York State's stop-and-frisk law was passed, the Combined Council of Law Enforcement Officials (consisting of representatives of all the state's enforcement agencies: police, sheriffs, prosecutors, and others) took steps to inform the more than fifty thousand police in the state, in considerable detail, just what was expected of them under the law. The 1967 Report of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement noted that the Council's bulletin "affords the patrolman practical guidance for his actions, including examples, factual variables, and guiding principles. In effect, this carries a New York 'stop and frisk' statutory provision into the street situations in which it is administered."

In formulating its guidelines, which incorporated the limitations of the state law, the Council sought to map dispassionately what it thought most persons would agree was reasonable police authority and what were reasonable limitations upon that authority. The guidelines said that an officer was not to stop anyone unless he was prepared to explain his specific reason for doing so. He could not use a firearm or nightstick. Persons were to be stopped only when felonies and certain major misdemeanors were suspected. The extent of the search that might accompany any stopping was limited: it was not to be a pretext for obtaining evidence but solely for the officer's protection against hidden weapons. The suspect's detention was to be brief, just long enough to ask a few questions designed to allay or confirm the officer's suspicions, and questioning had to proceed where the stopping took place—on the street, in a nearby hallway, or in the police car.

Through this kind of self-regulation, backed by legislatively or judicially imposed restraints, police can weed out those ills—abuses toward minority groups and high-handed treatment of suspects—that stop-and-frisk opponents understandably fear. In this way, the improved ability of the police to protect all of us through preventive measures can be preserved.

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Some Reflections on the Council

From *The Peasant of the Garonne*

'Never take foolishness too seriously'
—Chinese proverb

JACQUES MARITAIN

FOR EVERYTHING the Council has decreed and accomplished, I give thanks. For still other things I would doubtless have liked to give thanks if the Council had also done them. But it was obviously not called to do those things: from the beginning, and by the will of John XXIII himself, it was pastoral rather than doctrinal (although it devoted two of its Constitutions to important points of doctrine). And it is clear that this was in response to a providential design; for the historic task, the immense renewal that it had to bring about, had to do with progress in evangelical awareness and attitudes of the heart rather than with defining dogmas.

Good heavens, weren't these dogmas defined, once and for all? (For the new dogmatic definitions that come with time simply make explicit and complete the old ones; they don't change them in any way.) Wasn't the Church's doctrine established with certitude, and on bases solid enough to permit endless progress, by all the preceding Councils and by a centuries-old labor? What man, having received theological faith, could be foolish enough to imagine that eternal certitudes would begin to waver, to grow hollow with doubts and question marks, to dissolve themselves in the stream of time?

No one, however, has to look very far to marvel at the resources of human foolishness, and to understand that foolishness and theological faith can certainly keep house in the same brain, and hold a dialogue there—as everybody is doing now with everybody else—even though such contact is likely to prove unhealthy for the latter.

I will have to come back to this, although it scarcely amuses me, in order to say something about the neo-modernism that flourishes today.

WHEN one considers the neo-modernist fever (I was bound to mention this sooner or later), very contagious, at least in circles described as "intellectual," compared to which the modernism of Pius X's time was only a modest hay fever, and which finds expression above all in the most advanced thinkers among our Protestant brothers, but is also active in equally advanced Catholic thinkers, this second description gives us the picture of a kind of "immanent" apostasy (that is, which intends to remain Christian at all costs). In preparation for many years, hastened by certain veiled hopes of the repressed regions of the soul which were stirred up here and there on the occasion of the Council, the manifold manifestation of this apostasy is sometimes falsely ascribed to the "spirit of the Council," or even to the "spirit of John XXIII." We know well to whom it is proper to trace the paternity of such lies (and so much the better if in this way man finds himself a little exonerated). But the point is, people no longer believe in the devil and in the bad angels, nor the good ones, naturally. They are only ethereal survivors of some Babylonian imagery.

In such a nice perspective, the objective content to which the faith of our forefathers clung, all *that* is myth, like original sin for example, (isn't our big job today to get rid of the horrendous guilt complex?), and like the Gospel of the Infancy of Christ, the resurrection of the body, and the creation. And the Christ of history, of course. The phenomenological method and form criticism have changed everything. The distinction between human nature and grace is a scholastic invention like transubstantiation. As for hell, why take the trouble to deny it, it is simpler to forget it, and that's probably what we had also better do with the Incarnation and the Trinity. Frankly, do the mass of our Christians ever *think* of these things, or of the immortal soul and the future life? As for the Cross and the Redemption, ultimate sublimation of ancient myths and sacrificial rites, we should consider them as the great and stirring symbols, forever inscribed in our imagination, of the labor and collective sacrifices needed to bring nature and humanity to the degree of unification and spiritualization—and of power over matter—where they will be delivered at last from all the old servitudes and will enter into a kind of glory. Will death then be vanquished? Perhaps science will discover how to make us immortal. (Why not? Descartes was already dreaming of it.) However, that is not what matters; what matters is the everlastingness of the cosmos, and the immortality of humanity glorified in it and with it.

Our faith, having been thus duly emptied of every specific object, finally can become what it really was, a simple sublimating aspiration; we can be lifted up to a state of complete euphoria by a powerful intake of air, recite with an enlightened fervor the Symbol (Creed) of the Apostles (symbol, what a predestined name!); and love, serve, and adore Jesus with all our hearts, the Jesus of faith and of an *interior*, truly visceral Christianity.

For with all this one is more Christian than ever. All these people have simply ceased to believe in Truth, and believe only in verisimilitudes pinned to *some* truths (that is, statements or verifications of observable detail) which moreover grow obsolete overnight. Truth with a capital T, what does that mean? *Quid est Veritas?* We should recognize that Pilate got the picture, and that this procurator was a good "progressist." One must use lower-case letters everywhere. "Everything is relative, that is the only absolute principle"—as our Father Auguste

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Comte has already put it. We are done with classical positivism, true enough. But the fact remains that we live in Comte's world: Science (the side of reason) completed by Myth (the side of sentiment). He has been a prophet of the first order.

I might add that he was more honest than you, studious expurgators of revealed truths. He at least fabricated the myths of his "subjective synthesis" fairly and squarely out of whole cloth, not, like you, by reinterpreting a whole religious heritage to which you believe yourself more faithful than anyone, nor by trying to deceive the thirst, and the heart, of those whose faith you imagine you share.

What is most important to notice is that the frenzied modernism of today is incurably ambivalent. Its natural bent, although it would deny it, is to ruin the Christian faith. Yes, it busies itself as best it can to empty the faith of any content. But along with that, among a good number of its adherents, there is something like an effort to render to this faith a kind of desperate witness. It is certainly with sincerity, and sometimes in the fever and anguish of a fundamentally religious soul, that the leaders of our neo-modernism declare themselves Christians.

Why be astonished that so many modernists believe they have a mission to save a dying Christianity—*their* dying Christianity—for the modern world? It is for this goal that, as good soldiers of Christ, they devote themselves to such an exhausting work of hermeneutic evacuation. Even their fideism, contrary as it is to Christian faith, is nevertheless a sincere and tortured witness to this faith.

Clothed in the panoply of God, shod with zeal, armed with the breastplate of justice, the helmet of salvation, the shield of the faith, and the sword of the spirit? This armor of Saint Paul is certainly not for them, it is only a museum piece. I see them, rather, hanging by one hand from Jacob's ladder, kicking wildly all the while, and, with their free hand, tossing one another telescripts of the most recent hypotheses. You can't deny it's daring, but look out for cramps.

From quite another point of view, we may note finally that if temporal activity and the necessary transformations called for by the present state of the world seem to fascinate a good many young Christians, both clergy and laymen, to such an extent that this *alone* counts in their eyes, and that they passionately undertake to secularize their Christianity completely—from now on, everything for the earth!—yet their fundamental motive, to which they blindly give complete priority, is actually a burning desire to make the witness of the Gospel enter history. Again the oddness of human nature: it is with a worried faith, quite insufficiently enlightened, and yet profoundly sincere in Jesus Christ, that they betray the Gospel by dint of serving it—after their fashion.

THE TEMPORAL WORLD of today has succeeded in casting out every trace of the sacral régime. At the same time, civilization, passing under the control of science and technology, has unmistakably outgrown the boundaries of the western world, and is in the process of becoming truly universal.

Christianity, then, can no longer count on the aid and protection of social structures. On the contrary, it is up to it to aid and protect these structures by striving to impregnate them with its spirit. Man's duties towards his Creator have a social as well as a personal dimension, and

demand, in particular, that every religiously divided political society should recognize the various religious traditions at work among its citizens. The spiritual and the temporal are perfectly distinct, but they can and should co-operate in mutual freedom.

Not only the West, but the entire world, with its vast non-Christian cultural areas, requires, within the temporal domain and on behalf of the progress of temporal civilization, the stimulus and elevation which Christianity naturally brings to the activities of nature in their own sphere.

This means that the age we are entering obliges the Christian to become aware of the temporal mission which he has with respect to the world and which is like an expansion of his spiritual vocation in the kingdom of God and with respect to it. Woe to the world if the Christian were to isolate and separate his temporal mission (then it would be wind only) from his spiritual vocation! The fact remains that this temporal mission requires him to enter as deeply as possible into the agonies, the conflicts, and the earthly problems, social or political, of his age, and not hesitate to "get his feet wet."

I have said much, in other books, about the temporal mission of the Christian. It is clear that in speaking of this mission, I am thinking, above all, of *lay* Christians. That some of the clergy should become personally involved in secular affairs is quite possible, but hardly a requirement of their function. And it happens, when they are not a Richelieu or a Mazarin, that they handle such affairs less skillfully and more naïvely than the laity. As for the latter, they can, if they like, indulge in a sort of innocent and rather infantile Christian anti-clericalism (it is always tempting to make fun of *les curés*, because at bottom one really likes them and expects a good deal from them), but they would turn out to be worse than the worst *curés* if they conducted their social and political activities like arrogant dreamers, nourished on a false philosophy that divinizes the world, and bent on sacrificing everything to *efficacy*, a passing efficacy.

To be precise, it is not enough to say that the temporal mission of the

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Christian is, of itself, the concern of the laity. We must also say that it is not the business of *all* lay Christians (far from it!), but only of those who, by reason of their gifts and natural inclinations, as well as due to circumstances, feel for it what we can term (the phrase is rather shopworn, but it is all I have handy) "*a calling*."

Finally, we must add that this *calling* is not enough; a solid interior preparation is also required.

BE THAT as it may, the distinction between the temporal and the spiritual, between the things that are Caesar's and the things that are God's, inevitably becomes blurred for the fascinated Christians of whom I am speaking. The more determined of them are already flatly denying it. That is self-evident: since the kingdom of God has no reality beyond the world, it is only a leaven in the dough *of the world*. If Christ (after all, cannot a broad-minded enough religion consider that He probably is God—as the greatest of men, a sublime flower of the human race, in whom the Soul of the world has fully concentrated itself?), if Christ has a mystical Body, it is the world which is that mystical Body.

We asked ourselves earlier before what "world" many Christians are kneeling today. Now we have the answer. It is the world of nature, yes, the world in its natural and temporal structures, but insofar as it supposedly absorbs into itself the kingdom of God, and is itself—in a state of becoming, and, at the final

end, in perfect fullness—the mystical Body of Christ.

We can understand henceforth why there are three things an intelligent preacher should never speak about, and which an up-to-date Christian should think about as seldom as possible, although one has to recite the Creed each Sunday (but there are so many myths therein; and besides, one can always repeat a formula—even in the vernacular—without stopping to think about it).

The first thing to leave in oblivion is obviously *the other world* (since there isn't any).

The second thing to leave in oblivion is *the Cross* (it is only a symbol of the momentary sacrifices demanded by progress).

The third thing to leave in oblivion is *sanctity*—if it is true that sanctity has its principle, at the center of the soul (even if the saint remains plunged in the activities of the world) in a radical break with the world (in the Gospel sense of the word) and with the false god of the world, its *mythical* god, "the Emperor of this world."

I WROTE in *On the Philosophy of History*: "The fact of so many millions of men starving and living in despair, in a life unworthy of man, is an insult to Christ and to brotherly love. As a result, the temporal mission of the Christian is to strive to eradicate such evils, and to try to build up a Christian-inspired social and political order, where justice and brotherhood will be better and better served. . . . Saint Paul has said: 'All who desire to live a godly life in Christ Jesus will suffer persecution.' It is certainly not a very optimistic statement with respect to the world. The Christian, because he is not of the world, will always be a foreigner in the world—I mean, in the world as separating itself from the kingdom of God and shutting itself up in itself; he is incomprehensible to the world and inspires it with uneasiness and distrust. The world cannot make sense of the theological virtues. Theological faith, the world sees as a challenge, an insult, and a threat; it is by reason of their faith that it dislikes Christians, it is through their faith that they vanquish it; faith is enough to divide them from the world. Theological hope, the world does not see at all; it is simply blind to it. Theological charity, the world sees the wrong way; it misapprehends it, is mistaken about it. It confuses it with any kind of quixotic devotion to whatever human cause it may profit by. And thus does the world tolerate charity, even admire it—insofar as

it is not charity but something else. (And so charity is the secret weapon of Christianity.)"

If there are any prophets of the avant-garde or of the rear guard who imagine that our duties to the world, such as they have been brought to light under the grace of the Holy Spirit by the Second Vatican Council, erase what the Lord Jesus Himself and His apostles have said of the world—*The world hates me, The world cannot receive the Spirit of truth, If anyone loves the world the love of the Father is not in him* . . . I know well what must be said of such prophets (a saying of questionable taste but one which used to amuse an old Dominican dear to my heart): they are poking the *finger of God* in their eye.

ON THE DURATION of the crisis I have just been discussing, the reactions it will produce, the rubble it will leave in its wake, the gravity that it can assume at certain moments or in certain countries, one would have to be a prophet to hazard the slightest opinion. Everything depends on the unforeseeable ways of God and His secret graces, together with human liberty, comprised as it is in his eternal plan. What is certain is that the Church will emerge from this crisis wonderfully purified; error will not have got the better of her.

It is certain also, as so many voices rightly tell us, that the Vatican Council was the *announcement of a new age*. As I have noted before and

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have no need of repeating, the Council itself sketched the broad outlines of this new age when it *aggiornamented* the eternal treasures of the Church, thanks to a more profound awareness and a more complete explanation of certain great truths hitherto contained in these treasures.

The true new fire, the essential renewal, will be an *inner* renewal. One need not be a prophet to see that; it is enough to open one's eyes. To speak with competence on the different aspects of this inner renewal, it would be necessary to have an intelligence above the average, like all those who exchange ideas on television.

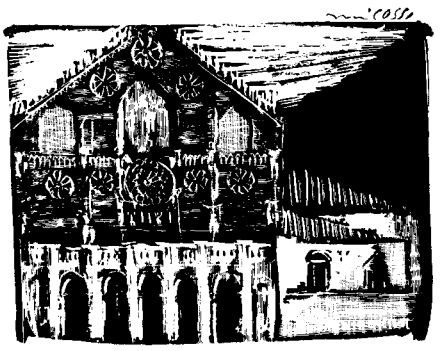
EVERYBODY was surprised by the Council because everybody is little concerned with what the Church is. She has said at last that she is fed up with routines and unnatural isolation. She has marked out the road of renewal and liberation. And she will manage well enough, have no fear.

The fact remains that, when worm-eaten barriers begin to snap, a horde of bewildered souls are quick to take advantage of it and disperse in nature—or "culture," and blithely follow the prevailing winds, in other words, the latest fashion. This too is inevitable. And if we are seeing right now a good many outlandish things, and a curious unleashing of Christian tomfoolery (it's the same old tom-

foolery, only turned upside down) where a certain number of priests and consecrated people take care not to forget their role as leaders—"firemen who catch fire," as Degas used to say of certain painters—we should look back over our shoulder, with a little suitably disillusioned wisdom, and recall the gross errors and omissions of a not too distant past (it is mainly a case of the nineteenth century) for which we are now paying the price.

Having said that, we are forced to admit that the spectacle enjoyed by our contemporaries has a good many questionable allurements. It is not merely the brilliant theological work already alluded to that they behold without a murmur (save for compliments). They have also to contemplate the work of reconstruction expected on all sides of statistical and scientific devices, and, first of all, to admire the general substitution of techniques—especially the psychological—which are now flourishing, not only for pious practices which are more or less obsolete, and the routines and antiseptic precautions I have already mentioned, but even for the traditions (still alive, in spite of hardening of the arteries) of exalted wisdom which I have also mentioned, and especially the humble and noble disciplines of what is still occasionally referred to as the spiritual life.

Some of my friends are afflicted with this phenomenon. There are, moreover, a good many things that the Chinese proverb I invented as an epigraph to my book advises us never to take too seriously. For my part, I plead guilty to being particularly struck by the comic aspect of the spectacle, which it seems permissible to poke a little fun at. In spite of everything, it is very funny to imagine countless Christian families poring devoutly over copies, not of the *Spiritual Combat*, but of treatises of sexology; or to think of that Mexican monastery whose sturdy pioneering zeal prompted it to have the whole community psychoanalyzed, with the not unforeseeable result of a number of happy marriages, and new Christian families whose children will, one hopes, be psychoanalyzed first thing after the tragic event which made them come out of the intra-uterine paradise. It is also pretty amusing to picture to yourself superiors of seminaries or of religious houses, masters and mistresses of novices, or crack students who are being prepared for this function, studiously and eagerly attending courses in dynamic psychology which initiate them in projection tests, Rorschach, and the psychodrama of Moreno. In this way, they will acquire the science of human behavior, and will be able to



tell souls who are or will be confided to their care "what to do," or, in embarrassing cases, send them to the psychiatrist, the man who really "knows" (*Domine, quid me vis facere*). They will have been taught, too, how to spot the *other meaning* hidden behind the confidences of those who speak to them, and how to practice on them the *counseling* of Rogers, thus giving proof of an "unconditional consideration" of which old-fashioned charity had no knowledge. My only regret is that I am too old to look forward to being comforted by the young generations who are being prepared in this way to dedicate themselves to the Lord—fully flowering in their nature, poised, decomplexed, socially conditioned, spontaneously adapted to group reflexes, and, at last, happy to be alive.

A visit to the psychologist is no more attractive to me than a visit to the dentist, but I realize that in certain cases it can be necessary. Psychologists are able to offer important services to those who really need them, and whom the conditions of modern life make probably numerous. In any case, it would be ridiculous to underestimate the value of their work, and I have no intention of falling into this error. I have a good deal of admiration for Freud, if not for the Freudians, and I heartily value the discoveries of contemporary psychology, however incomplete. What tickles my funny bone is the rush of consecrated persons who, in spite of an incurable incompetence, can't wait to have

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themselves indoctrinated with the most pious (and least scientific) enthusiasm.

Who knows? Maybe all this bustle is needed to put an end to certain absurd routines, and to teach people to steer clear of errors that a bit of intelligence and a fair amount of fraternal care and compassion would have sufficed to avoid. Furthermore, the elementary psychological knowledge which has today become normal for everyone can help persons in charge deepen their insight in the case of candidates for the priesthood or the religious life whose perseverance is open to question. But much fonder hopes are being entertained. We are to learn better than with the Gospel and the love of charity how to lead a human community to the service of God and our neighbor. We are to improve with a technique that is at last foolproof the manufacturing of souls efficaciously devoted to this service. Clearly, all such pieces of foolery will pass away as quickly as they have appeared.

If we wish to enter into the spirit of the Council and truly follow its inspiration, it is not only our behavior and our activities, but first of all our ordinary patterns of thought, which we must renew; and that demands a serious effort of reason, in order to grasp reality more thoroughly. And the first reality to consider, that which governs all the rest when we are speaking of the new fire brought by the Council, is obviously the Church herself, whom we must serve better—but whom *first of all* we must know better. She herself dealt with this subject in her dogmatic Constitution on the Church, *Lumen Gentium*. And she has theologians to explain and comment on this Constitution. Why, then, should an old philosopher get mixed up in it? It is surely not his job to make people know the Church better, and he realizes that better than anyone.

But if the Council stirred the whole world, there are few, however, and regrettably, who are sitting down to read its documents (although they have been translated into all languages and widely published); and there are still fewer who are sitting down to read theologians. The least incitation then, from no matter how low a quarter, that might induce someone to go into a bookstore and buy and study these documents can be of use. I am thinking in particular of the *Constitution on the Church*, whose language is much easier to understand than that of the theologians.

Moreover, a testimony may be no great catch, but it is always worth something, even if only as a mild irritant (which is always good) to disturb habits of thought too comfortable, and often sloppy—it's a not infrequent case with many non-Christians who have no idea of what the Church is, and so many Christians who have only a mediocre and deplorably superficial idea. (It is hardly their fault; no one took great pains to teach them.) Reluctantly, then, since I am not completely unaware of my inadequacy, I felt obliged to offer my own poor testimony.

Moving Among the Creatures

Moving among the creatures
As the new light
Surges down this cliff, these trees, this meadow,
Brightening the shade among the alders
And shriveling the dew on leaves,
—They are contented in their bodies—I can tell it—
The squalling gulls delighted to be turning
Widdershins, their shadows swooping
Over rocks where startled deer
Clatter, flashing spindly shanks
And delicate hooves while underfoot
Even the uglies in their sticky skins
Exult, the woodfrogs clunking all the bells
In sunken steeples, till at my
Thick tread
They leap and scissor-kick away
While the withering slug,
Shrinking, enlarging, waving
Knobbed horns
Makes the stem shine
With silver spittle where he's gone.
I trip on vines, stumble in potholes
And long for something of myself that's in them,
In the gulls' windy coursing, in the frogs'
Brief cadenza, even in the slug's
Gift to leave a gleaming
Track, spun
From his own
Slippery gut.

—Daniel Hoffman

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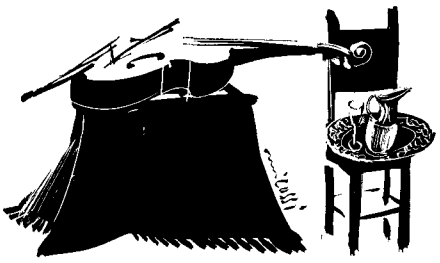

Curtain After Act One

ROLAND GELATT

GIOACHINO ROSSINI, whose anniversary we observe this year (he died in Paris a century ago), was not only a uniquely endowed musician but a thoroughly delightful man. This is a statement that can be made of few composers. As a rule, they form a bearish crew—gruff, hypersensitive, fanatic types—not at all the kind of friends you would want around for a spot of supper and a game of bridge. But Rossini provides the exception that every self-respecting rule must have. He wore his talents with amiable modesty and seems seldom to have been at a loss for a graceful and witty turn of phrase. "His is the most sociable nature imaginable," wrote his colleague and contemporary Ferdinand Hiller. "I do not think he ever tires of having people around him, of conversing, of telling stories, and—what is rarer—of listening."

Because of his sociability, his gift for the *mot juste*, and his long life span, a substantial body of documentary material on Rossini exists, and it has all been thoroughly combed by Herbert Weinstock in his *Rossini: A Biography* (Alfred A. Knopf, $12.50). This is certainly the most copiously researched book on Rossini available. If it does not answer all the questions posed by his unusual life story, it at least offers the reader plentiful data from which to hazard his own guesses.

ROSSINI burst upon Italy's operatic scene at the age of eighteen with a one-act farce, *La Cambiale di matrimonio*, which already showed his unparalleled genius for musical vivacity. He needed no warm-up; from the first note of his first opera, Rossini was indubitably Rossini. Commissions came thick and fast as his career spurted ahead. For a while, he turned out operas at an average rate of three a year—most of them comic works, including the imperishable *Barber of Seville*, first heard in Rome in 1816. Then, having achieved one masterpiece and a few near-masterpieces by the age of twenty-five, Rossini forsook *opera buffa* and began confecting large-scale tragic operas for the dramatic soprano Isabella Colbran, an imposing Spanish lady who was first his mistress and later his wife. The rate of production hardly slackened; in five years he composed fourteen operas, culminating in the impressive *Semiramide*, his Opus 34 for the Italian operatic stage. At the time of its first performance in 1823, its author was not quite thirty-one.

Paris beckoned. The French government was paying handsomely for opera, and Rossini had begun to appreciate the good things of life. For a regal stipend Charles X engaged him to reside in Paris and provide the Opéra with evening-long works in the French language. A total of four were delivered, including *Guillaume Tell*, which a contemporary reviewer rightly characterized as heralding "a new era, not only for French music, but also for dramatic music in all countries." There seemed to be no bounds to what Rossini might still accomplish. But *Tell* was in fact the end of the road. Though Rossini lived for almost another forty years, he composed no more operas.

PEOPLE have been speculating ever since on the wherefores of this long silence. Was it that Rossini had made his pile and was ready to take it easy? That he was dismayed and disgusted by the vulgar operatic tastes of the coming generation? That he was simply too ill to work? The evidence brought forward in Weinstock's biography would seem to indicate that there was no single reason but rather a cumulative interaction of several circumstances, all tending to paralyze the composer's creative drive. Probably the uncertain state of his health proved decisive. After the premiere of *Tell*, Rossini returned to Italy and quickly lost his *élan vital*. He began to suffer increasingly from chronic urethritis, and this in turn threw him into periods of severe depression. Or was it his mental state that aggravated the urethritis? In Rossini's case it is difficult to sort out the psyche and the soma.

At all events, for a quarter century he lived as a semi-invalid, going from doctor to doctor and spa to spa, with Olympe Pelissier (his second wife) in constant, solicitous attendance. By 1855 Rossini had reached the end of his tether, a seemingly broken old man of sixty-three. Olympe decided to take him back to Paris for a change of scene and a change of doctors. Suddenly, miraculously, the *élan vital* reasserted itself. Rossini's ailment improved, his spirits rose, and he began to compose again—though not for the operatic stage. Having rediscovered health and happiness in Paris, he gratefully remained there, feted and adored by a court of admirers, until his death at the age of seventy-six.

A fascinating, puzzling story. Unfortunately, Mr. Weinstock does not tell it with much gusto. Instead of painting a scene and rounding out a portrait, he is content to recite names and places. Instead of probing into motivations and interpreting behavior, he lets events speak for themselves. The approach is cool and uncommitted: an ordered chronicling, not a vivid re-creation. But

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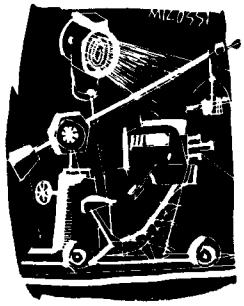
the facts are all there, and anyone concerned with nineteenth-century opera will find the book indispensable.

ALTHOUGH Rossini is an acknowledged master of Italian opera, he is indifferently represented on records. Only nine of his thirty-nine operas are currently available in complete or nearly complete recordings—and most of these belong in the *buffa* category. The serious Rossini still awaits extensive re-exploration. A glaring need exists for an up-to-date version of *Tell* in the original French, as well as for first recordings of such erstwhile repertory staples as *Tancredi*, *La Donna del lago*, and *Otello*. The last-named work held the nineteenth century in thrall until Verdi's setting came along in 1887. Four years ago it was successfully resuscitated in Rome and will be seen in New York this spring when the Rome Opera gives a short season at Lincoln Center. There has been talk of a recording, but nothing so far has materialized.

Some attention has been paid to the non-operatic fruits of Rossini's last years in Paris. We now have two new recordings drawn from the large collection of miscellaneous compositions which Rossini called *Sins of Old Age* and which were left unpublished until long after his death. One disc is devoted to choral works performed by soloists and chorus of the Società Cameristica di Lugano under the direction of Edwin Loehrer (Nonesuch 1089, stereo and mono), the other to piano pieces played by Luciano Sgrizzi (Nonesuch 1163, stereo and mono). This is all undemanding stuff that succeeds admirably in its professed aim to amuse and please. Rossini could still spin off beguiling tunes in these last years, and his instinct for piquant harmonies was as sure as ever.

But the plum of Rossini's old age is undoubtedly the *Petite Messe solennelle* (a typically ironic title, since this setting of the Latin Mass is neither small nor particularly solemn), scored for four solo voices, a chorus of eight, two pianos, and a harmonium. Unlike so much religious music of the nineteenth century, this enchanting piece is utterly without pose, pretension, or bombast. The style is operatic, naïvely lyric, yet hiding beneath its apparent simplicity a wealth of contrapuntal and harmonic wisdom. A new recording made in Milan under the direction of Giulio Bertola (Everest 441/2, stereo only; two discs) makes a splendid case for this sunny, serene music, thanks largely to a quartet of top-flight singers—Renata Scotto, Fiorenza Cossotto, Alfredo Kraus, and Ivo Vinco—who approach Rossini's angelic melodies with just the right strain of sensuous sobriety. If more like this is in store, the centenary can be said to have started on a note of high promise.



Sons and Fathers

ANDREW M. GREELEY

MORE YEARS AGO than I care to remember, a pastor of a well-to-do Irish parish on the southwest side of Chicago woke up to find me under his Christmas tree—which was particularly embarrassing since it was the middle of July. I didn't seem to be qualified for much else, so I was assigned to work with the "young people" of the parish. In those dear departed pre-Vatican Council days, the status and the training of a Catholic curate were such that he had little difficulty fitting into the world of the late teen-ager—most of whom had more freedom and maturity than he did.

With zeal and enthusiasm, I tried to persuade my charming and sophisticated young friends that the life of the religious man and indeed of the human being in the middle of the twentieth century could be exciting and rewarding. They listened politely, wished it could be so, and then regretfully settled for the careers and the lives that their parents had arranged for them even before they had been conceived. Or, as the young people themselves would have put it, they sold out.

Such personal remembrances are a prelude to saying that Mike Nichols's *The Graduate* is a devastatingly accurate portrayal of how upper middle-class young Americans view the society that their parents have created—so accurate that I found mystelf painfully drawn back into a world I thought I had left behind. Everything was there—the exploitation of children by their parents (Ben Braddock's graduation party is not for his friends but his parents' friends), the insensitivity of parents to their offspring's feelings (Ben is forced to parade for guests in his father's expensive scuba diving set), the high-sounding but empty advice ("I just want to say one word to you, Ben: 'Plastics!' "), the sexual manipulation of the young (though Ben's seduction by the wife of his father's business partner is more overt than most such manipulations), the nagging, the invasion of privacy ("You really don't *have* to tell us, Ben), the planning of marriages that are thought suitable, the fear that the young person will not live up to his parents' plans and dreams and thus will be a mark of *their* failure, the self-hatred that plagues the young (Ben hates himself for his affair, and Elaine, the woman's daughter, hates herself for not being sophisticated enough to accept Ben's love), the aimless wander-

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ing in expensive cars (in this case an Alfa-Romeo), the phony sophistication about sex (Elaine coolly says to Ben, "Are you having an affair or something?" and convinces herself that she is untroubled by the fact that it is with a married woman —until she learns that it is her mother). It is the world of the late adolescent, all right, and Nichols has captured it with as much accuracy as he and Elaine May once satirized the conversational idiom of the University of Chicago. Indeed, some of the dialogue between Ben and his mistress sounds like vintage Nichols and May.

By now it is no secret to anyone who reads movie reviews that *The Graduate* is one of the best American movies of 1967, that Dustin Hoffman, Katharine Ross, and Anne Bancroft are superb, and that Nichols may well be a director who will make American moviegoers forget about foreign films. In addition, it is pretty well known that *The Graduate,* for all its very explicit treatment of sex, is a highly moral film and that the decision of Ben and Elaine for life in preference to the living death of their haut-bourgeois parents is a stronger affirmation of purpose and value than many young people themselves would be inclined to make. Yet it seems to me that *The Graduate,* for all its brilliant satire, falls a half step short of greatness—and this for a reason I am pained to advance: Nichols is not sympathetic enough to parents.

The strength of the film is in its unerring grasp of the perspective of the young adult. The theatre in which I watched it was filled with the college generation on Christmas vacation; they had no trouble throwing themselves into the story and laughed loudly at lines their parents would not have caught. Nichols daringly ends the film with an uninhibited projection of a young person's fantasy world as Ben rescues his love from a marriage into which her father was forcing her. The audience cheered as they probably had not since the 7th Cavalry rode over the hill when they were young. They were delighted when Nichols flattered them by having Ben fight back his pursuers with a large gold cross. ("See, Ben is a Christ figure!" muttered one of my companions.) And they were overjoyed when the songs of Simon and Garfunkel assured Elaine's mother that Jesus did love her; all very hip.

But while such a perspective may make great satire, it falls something short of the agony of reality. I yield to no one in my dislike of the world of the upper middle-class suburban adult; I agree with one young Irish ally of mine in my days as the "young people's priest": parents *are* the enemy. If the adults in *The Graduate* are stereotypes and caricatures, it can only be said that in real life parents usually behave like stereotypes and caricatures in dealing with their children. If Anne Bancroft plays Ben's mistress as a devouring sex-starved bitch, she is really reflecting a suburban type whose name is legion. Yet *The Graduate* ought to have been able to muster some compassion for the older generation, if only to grapple with the full dimensions of the problem it faces.

I asked my two young companions as we wended our way down the Dan Ryan Expressway after the movie what kind of parents they thought Ben and Elaine would make when they had children. The young man said, "They will be just as bad as their parents." And the young woman observed, "You see, the two of them don't really understand; they don't understand why their parents got the way they did; and if you aren't able to understand your parents, you won't be able to understand your children."

The tragedy of the generation gap, then, is essentially a tragedy of communication and understanding of one generation's fear of examining the values of the other lest their own be lost in the process. It takes courage—considerable courage —to generate the sympathy required to begin such understanding. *The Graduate* suggests more by omission than by explicit statement that such compassion is not possible. Though the ending may look happy, in reality Ben and Elaine are destined to lose contact with their own children and sadness will recur all over again. *The Graduate* is a film of affirmation, but in the absence of compassion, its affirmation is not strong enough. As my young friends said of Ben and Elaine, it does not understand.

Tribal Patterns

GERALD WEALES

Next to Athol Fugard, the author of *The Blood Knot,* Wole Soyinka is probably the African playwright best known outside that continent. Yet the double bill at the Greenwich Mews—*The Trials of Brother Jero* and *The Strong Breed* —marks his first professional production in New York. One reason for the delay may be that Soyinka is not an interpreter of Africa to the outside world but an artist working with indigenous material, attempting to understand his own Nigeria in dramatic terms. This provides a difficulty for an audience here, one it would face with any serious non-American dramatist but heightened by the fact that African culture remains largely unfamiliar to us, still trapped in the white-hunter exotica fed to us by twenty years of drumbeat movies.

The Strong Breed is the more interesting of the two plays, in fact if not in production. Deceptively primitive on the surface, it is a highly sophisticated work doing three or four things at once. It is, first of all, a scapegoat play in which Eman, a teacher, chooses to take the place of an idiot boy as sacrificial victim (carrier) in the ceremony by which, on the eve of the new year, the village frees itself of the year's accumulation of anger and hate. The treatment of the carrier and his position of honor or defilement differ from village to village, and Eman, an outsider, does not know that here the carrier, who is never one of the villagers, must be severely beaten, driv-

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en into the bush, and killed if necessary. Sunma, the daughter of the village chief—like Eman, one of the younger generation breaking with the old customs—tries to save him, first by attempting to get him away, finally by attacking her father. The immediate plot, which ends with Eman dead and the girl in collapse, is the familiar one of the couple destroyed by the uncongenial society to which they are bound (cf. *West Side Story*).

Eman and Sunma, however, are not a conventional romantic couple, whatever she might like, for the play is also the story of Eman's past, of how he came to be so impersonally loving. At this point the play becomes a psychological drama, not unlike many a flashback play familiar to the western theatre. Eman, who left his village after violating the purification ritual for his puberty rites by defending his girl, Omae, against his tutor, returns to find in her the peace that is no longer his at home or in the outside world. When she dies in childbirth, he leaves again, determined always to be a stranger.

This would be almost sentimental if it were not that the Eman-Omae story is given social importance through the relationship of Eman to his father. In Eman's village, the carrier is a post of great importance, an inherited position destined only for the strong breed, a voluntary but presumably painful and difficult ritual in which a guilt-ridden boat is carried to the river and the village is cleansed. The juxtaposition of imaginary scenes with real ones allows Eman and his father to be carriers at the same time; in fact Eman, who refused to follow his father as carrier in his own village, follows his imaginary figure into the trap that finally kills him.

THERE IS a nice if too neat irony here, the suggestion that a man cannot escape his inheritance (his fate, if anyone wants to play the tragedy game), but Soyinka is actually working much more cleverly than that. At the end of the play, after Eman is caught in an animal trap and left dangling from one of the sacred trees, the villagers turn away and refuse to curse him, thus failing to complete the ritual. Although the chief denounces the villagers ("One by one they crept off like sick dogs") as the play ends, the elder's reminder that they are "unattended" suggests that the villagers, in recognizing Eman as a man rather than a symbol, are moving away from the superstition that has both crippled and comforted them. Eman, then, becomes a carrier of a different sort; he is one of the strong breed who, at great cost to himself, helps cleanse the village of old ways. The sacrificial melodrama, the sentimental psychological play, and the ironic drama of inheritance merge into a social play that tries to catch some of the complications of a society torn between the traditions of tribe and village and the uses of the larger world.

There were a number of difficulties with *The Strong Breed* in production. For one thing, the variety of verbal styles—from Robertearl Jones's regional American to Aston Young's pseudo Nigerian—kept the piece from achieving any kind of tonal unity. That would not have been an insurmountable problem, however, if it were not that the clash-

ing voices, continually demanding that the audience shift aural gears, made it difficult to hear lines clearly. That is a particular problem with a playwright like Soyinka, for he is a very close worker, often putting into a single sentence a bit of information necessary to an understanding of the theme, the characters, or one of the plots. Since the material itself was so unfamiliar to the audience, it could not—as it might with an American play—use a common background to fill in the lacunae.

Nor were Soyinka's nonverbal aids of much help because the direction failed to emphasize them. One impressive device that he uses is a doll, a personal carrier to a strange, sick child, which foreshadows what will happen to Eman, in fact shows it to the audience, since the beating and hanging of Eman take place offstage. For some reason, the doll was hung in the doorway of the hut, angled upstage, and the audience could not even see what was going on; since only that action and one barely audible line from the chief made clear the nature of the trap closing on Eman, the audience was a little lost at the end of the play. Having read it, I was aware that it was rich and suggestive, but it needs a much clearer, cleaner production than this one to show it off at its best. By contrast, *The Trials of Brother Jero*, a comedy about a charlatan who almost loses his suckers, is great fun on stage; it, too, reflects the African culture in transition, but it does so in a comic form that is direct and immediately accessible.

ANOTHER Soyinka play, *Kongi's Harvest*, is scheduled for production this spring by the Negro Ensemble Company, newly established—largely through Ford Foundation money—at the St. Marks Playhouse. In the meantime, the company has launched its initial program with Peter Weiss's *Song of the Lusitanian Bogey*, an unfortunate choice that gives little indication of how talented the performers may be. An agitprop exercise as dull as it is sincere, *Bogey*, which is specifically about the Portuguese colonies, insists that the Africans have been exploited and it does so by mixing obvious cartoon portraits with relentlessly sung statistics. Although few people would deny the exploitations, Weiss's doctrinaire political interpretation of Africa is highly questionable. For him, problems are not racial, cultural, or geographical but simply economic; the capitalists, black and white, are milking Africa, just as—in Weiss's *The Investigation*—the capitalists, Jew and Gentile, were responsible for Auschwitz. The marvelously ambiguous author of *Marat/Sade* has become a simple-minded propagandist. Weiss, trapped by his tribal pattern, sees Africans as abstractions and not, as Soyinka does, as human beings. Ironically, Soyinka is in a Nigerian jail and Weiss is in a comfortable apartment in Stockholm.

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BOOKS

Beauty and the Beast

DAVID LITTLEJOHN

TOLSTOY, by Henri Troyat. Translated by Nancy Amphoux. *Doubleday. $7.95.*

There are three reasons for the excellence, the peculiarly exhausting excellence of this book. The first is the sheer quantity and quality of life lived by its protagonist (and his antagonist: this is the life of two Tolstoys). With these reaches of barbarism, energy, sensuality, mysticism, notoriety, and disorder none of the subjects of the recent great wave of literary biographies can begin to compete.

The second reason draws on one aspect of this exaggerated, mad vitality: the Tolstoys' compulsion to record every tiny wave of hatred or exhilaration or self-disgust in a proliferating mountain of diaries, letters, and memoirs that must have been at once the blessing and the curse of Henri Troyat's labors.

The third is the genius of Henri Troyat.

The exaggerated quality of Tolstoy's life begins with that of late Czarist Russia; a holy, Dark Ages autocracy, a feudal aristocracy, pogroms, slave beatings, saints and gypsies and madmen, "snarling wolves and bare shoulders": the intensity of life is sometimes obscene. The lives of Tolstoy's Aunt Aline, of the blind poet who lulled his grandmother to sleep, read like tales out of medieval folklore.

Parents and grandmother were seized by death before Leo was ten, and the sensuous richness of a Russian aristocrat's country life was suddenly exchanged for the strangeness of Moscow, 130 miles across the snow. No richer seedtime for a novelist could be imagined than this childhood of death and disruption in a land and a time of extremes. There followed an adolescence of violent enthusiasms, a young manhood of Rousseauvean idealism and epic debauchery; at twenty-two, Tolstoy left home for the Caucasus and war, gluttonous for more experience.

The basic Tolstoyan personality, never radically to be changed, can be identified by his early twenties. He was a man of extraordinary sensitivity—to a scent, to an image, to an insult. He acted always with freakish vitality, showing the same fanatic zest in haymaking as in lovemaking, in riding as in writing. He was still boasting of, and recording, his sexual prowess well into his seventies. But he could also, as one of his daughters remarked, relish with equal lust the dry pleasures of abnegation and abstinence. Sudden and violent reversals, in fact, are the characteristic on which Troyat concentrates as best defining Count Leo Nikolayevich Tolstoy. "His periods of concupiscence and asceticism always alternated in rapid succession," Troyat writes of him at twenty-two. "He was two men—a sybarite and a saint—sewed up inside one skin, each loathing the other."

ERRATIC, impetuous, primeval in the directness and intensity of his emotions, knowing every passion and its reverse: he had, with all this, a disgust for artifice and decorum, a holy obsession with "honesty," that did not preserve him from his own elaborate structures of self-delusion, for all that it may have contributed to his art. (The classic horrible instance: forcing his eighteen-year old fiancée to read a detailed account of his past seductions.) He invested all his prodigious energy in school reform one week, gambling the next, astronomy, Greek, hunting, peasant welfare, metaphysics, until his young wife could wonder to her diary, "Am I just another of his passing crazes?" And he had (the final ingredient in this recipe for a novelist) an unparalleled fascination with himself. Add to all this a self-assurance so great that nothing could ever bend or break it down, and the pattern is set. Once this was acquired (at about his thirtieth year), Tolstoy was able to bind up all his contradictions, and impose himself upon the world for fifty years as the embodiment of a new moral order.

In Troyat's account of the public career that followed, Tolstoy's fiction appears of secondary importance: a sort of platform of popularity from which the prophet-reformer could speak to his people. By thirty-four, he was a practicing public crank, a Russianized super-Rousseau drinking foaming goat's milk, making his own shoes, dressing like a muzhik (his version of the Noble Savage), sneering at art, and preaching a vague, anti-authoritarian, pantheistic Christianity. By 1881 he had made the full leap of faith, turned his profits and properties over to his wife, and moved bag and baggage into a rigid, uncompromising private world. Here he was to dwell, battered and battering, for the rest of his life.

To the dense, grand, sensuous masterpieces of realistic epic fiction succeeded holy manifestos, a legion of crackpot disciples, Tolstoyan colonies, rewritings of Scripture, movements of reform. The most celebrated writer in Russia at forty, he became at fifty its most subversive and untouchable idol. His books were banned, and read by millions. He was excommunicated by the Holy Synod and denounced by the Czar, but crushed almost to death by adoring mobs. He was turned to as an oracle, his every word recorded; he was a Czar above Czars. News cameramen, souvenir hunters, the needy, the troubled, disciples and parasites, the famous and the insane swarmed upon him at Yasnaya Polyana, lived in the house, ate at the table. His eightieth birthday, in 1908, became an orgy of celebrity worship. The mob watch at his deathbed, in 1910, could scarcely be equaled even today. It may reasonably be claimed that no author in history has suffered a comparable fury of fame.

THE CENTRAL TRAGEDY of this life, however, was played not in the arena of words and ideas, but in the home—if "tragedy" is not too formal a word for the harness of mutual torment in which Sonya Andreyevna

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Behrs and Leo Nikolayevich Tolstoy were yoked together for forty-eight years.

Sonya was, at first, the perfect Desdemona to his Othello, an innocent, gay girl held spellbound by this rough-hewn, "experienced" count almost twice her age. (See the subplot of *Anna Karenina*.) But she soon blossomed into something very like her mate: as strong, as selfish, as volatile, as emotional; and very strategic with her favors. They scratched out rival diaries—Tolstoyan "honesty" in action—and then showed them to each other, and then wrote angry replies, and so on, treasuring their transient resentments like connoisseurs of hate.

Through the six years' gestation of *War and Peace*, Sonya grew content. As long as she could be her artist-husband's helpmeet and guard, she could also be his jailer; as long as he was writing novels, he was in her power. She could write, in 1868, "We still argue, but the causes of these quarrels are so deep and complex that they would not occur if we did not love each other as we do."

But when the novelist became the prophet, the battle was rejoined. "It will pass, like a disease," she wrote hopefully. Instead, she watched with horror as her husband, her noble, celebrated, wealthy author-husband, began to turn in disgust from all she most treasured: her home, her comforts, her children, her position, her religion. As a novelist, she could meet him; as a saint, he was lost. And *he* watched in horror as the necessary companion of his nights became a living insult to all his sacred truths.

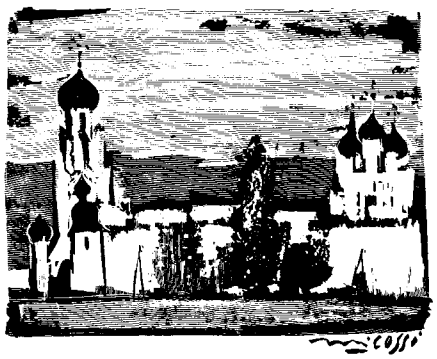
As she raked in the profits from his profane writings, he writhed in mortification. "A fight to the finish has begun between us," he declared in 1885. Many times he tried to leave, but could not. "God's commandment" to husbands held him back.

When the sex tie was finally broken, in his eightieth year, Sonya very nearly went mad. Now she had lost all hold. She threw herself into a vile family scramble for the posthumous rights to his works, now valued in the millions; but he had invested all his affections and all his trust in his chief disciple, Chertkov, a heartless servant-master whose power over her husband drove the Countess to despair. She countered with hysterical seizures, tried mock suicides *à la* Anna Karenina. "They are tearing me apart," Tolstoy wrote of the two rivals, and finally, on October 28, 1910, walked out to his death.

So thorough, so intimate is the wealth of written record generated by Tolstoy's life that his biographer can at times become all but omniscient. Tolstoy's courtship of Sonya, for example, was recorded instant by instant not only by the participants—master diarists both—but by many observers as well. We have Boswellian recordings of conversations; warfaring diaries of marital tensions and bliss, corrected sometimes several times a day; dreams, fantasies, obsessions, hallucinations all described in minute detail; the combative letters and memoirs and journals of children and associates.

Priceless, certainly; unique. Yet this carload of documentation teems with troubling implications. The very fact of recording one's actions and emotions *changes* those actions and emotions, as Troyat clearly recognizes. In the Tolstoys' private diaries "honesty and candor alternate with insults and self-pity," and much is written in strategic self-defense. "The miracle is that their marriage stood the strain of this continual rivalry to see which could be most truthful." The documents were at once a therapeutic release, notes for novels, and missiles from one side of the bed to the other; later they became the valuable objects of a frenzied family struggle.

Their implications today, for biographer and reader, are almost as complex. Granted that their creation is itself evidence of aberration, of a morbid self-fascination and self-dramatization; granted further that the Tolstoys cannot be said to have discouraged their publication. Still, may they not, by the unavoidable demands they make on his attention, by their semi-scandalous fascination, tempt a biographer to focus on the domestic, the conjugal, and to scant the achievements that made Tolstoy worth writing about in the first place? To reduce the author of *War and Peace*, in fact, to the role of a selfish, oversexed, mismatched husband? This temptation is, unfortunately, greatly strengthened by a silence in Tolstoy's diary for thirteen years, from 1865 to 1878, the very years he spent writing his two great novels.



This brings us round to the very special genius of Henri Troyat, for his interest is not that of a critic in novels, but of a novelist in men. If Tolstoy's novels seem to be "missing" from this biography, it is not only because they have little place in Tolstoy's life records, but also because Troyat does not like them very much or analyze them very deeply. He makes ritual obeisance before *War and Peace*; but in his plot-outline critique (the one piece of bad writing in the book), it is very nearly reduced to a web of artless sentimentalities, historical inaccuracies, and philosophic bilge. A great Gallic sneer is turned on Tolstoy's "injustice" to Napoleon.

Anna Karenina scarcely fares better. Troyat concentrates on the analysis of its sources and the demolition of its "ideas," and abandons the question of its art and appeal, after a few remarks on adjectives and details, to Tolstoy's ineffable "instinct, inseparable from life, owing nothing to technique."

Resurrection he finds brutal, crude, hammered together like a shoe. Troyat, a master of prose style, winces at Tolstoy's insensitivity to syntactic efficiency, to "a clash of vowel sounds." This does not mean that he may not say useful, even illuminating things about Tolstoy's fiction. But by and large, his criticism is the surface-skimming of an earlier age.

Nor is this very reasonable Academician particularly sympathetic with Tolstoy's idealist pretensions. Troyat himself is more akin to Tur-

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genev, Tolstoy's favorite enemy: tactful, witty, impeccably suave, apparently disengaged; an aesthete and moralist with a deft, dramatic style, a tendency toward the cynical—and a total unwillingness to acknowledge the irrational, immoralist claims of the Exceptional Man. "Ah, the charms of temporary poverty," he observes of Tolstoy's short ride in a third-class coach. "This special menu suited both his philosophy and his lack of teeth," he remarks of the Master's vegetarian diet—a sleek nastiness worthy of Gibbon. Saints are very hard for the unconverted to live with, be they wives or biographers.

And yet I cannot imagine Tolstoy finding a better biographer. Though he steers clear of Tolstoy's soul, and avoids the lower reaches of the creative unconscious, Troyat has still written a magisterial biography.

The sure, dramatic order—of book, of section, of chapter, of paragraph, of sentence—is almost enough to justify the French educational system. He deploys his vast materials, plans his strategy, shifts his focus or point of view, moves from drama to abstraction, opens and closes his periods or his chapters, with the assurance and finesse of a master. The whole book glows with his intelligence and is articulated by his tact.

Troyat's rhetorical "presence" is as fluid and mature as Jane Austen's. He can energize and judge in the same perfect word, invisibly make the keenest distinctions with just the right detail, the mock drama of a rhetorical question, the wit of a parenthesis, all the while shaping a growing, organic drama that we at once experience as life and savor as art. His play of words bespeaks a lifetime of using them well; his sentences sing—even in English. (The translation, by Nancy Amphoux, is nearly perfect, invisible: she *is* Troyat, for all I could tell.)

As a judge—and biography, of course, is a hugely moral business—Troyat guides us through this jungle of guilt and blame (barring the excesses of skepticism mentioned above) with excellent balance. As a novelist himself, he knows the combination of words, details, rhythms, and quotations to bring these lives back to life, to make horribly clear the high human price of genius.

He never tasted milk

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A British Museum

RICHARD MAYNE

NO LAUGHING MATTER, by Angus Wilson. *Viking. $6.95.*

I first met Angus Wilson in the early 1950's, when as Deputy Superintendent he presided over the vast circular Reading Room of the British Museum. That dingy rotunda was—and still is—a submuseum in itself, a daily haven not only for the nation's scholars but also for a rare collection of licensed eccentrics—gaunt, elderly recluses in threadbare overcoats and greasy beards, fingering their way along the small print of nineteenth-century treatises on witchcraft or surreptitiously eating stale cheese sandwiches under cover of Migne's *Patrologia Latina*. One constant reader was a tiny middle-aged lady who wore navy-blue shorts and canvas sneakers even in the depths of a London winter, her thin bare legs mottled puce by the cold.

It was tempting to believe that among these frail grotesques there might be some future Karl Marx, meditating theories that would one day change the world. But it was even more tempting to imagine that all of them were characters out of Wilson's stories, called into being and manipulated by that slight, graying figure behind the barrier on the central dais, surveying the room with keen, feline composure.

In those days he was chiefly known for two volumes of needle-sharp short stories, *The Wrong Set* (1949) and *Such Darling Dodos* (1950), on which he had impaled innumerable specimens—shams and egotists, penniless snobs and dilettante rebels, nostalgic progressives and bourgeois bohemians, all datedly adrift between prewar pretensions and postwar rationing, between Munich and McCarthyism, between crooners and rock 'n' roll. I myself was then still a student at Cambridge, using the British Museum to explore eleventh-century ecclesiastical polemics, and I approached a real author with some diffidence. To my surprise, the supposedly waspish satirist turned out to be both genial and kindly when accosted by an unknown reader whose only published writing between hard covers at that time was a couple of essays in a university anthology. It was all the more surprising in that one of the two essays was a priggish and imperceptive criticism of Angus Wilson's first book.

SINCE THEN, Wilson's geniality has become more evident in his work. Eighteen years and thirteen books later, the short-story writer is now firmly established as a major novelist, involved with themes too big for mere vignettes—time, aging, death, the forming and unfolding of character, the interplay of hope and achievement, of environment and stubborn will. On the broader canvas of the novel, the catty lightning portraiture appropriate to short stories becomes not only inadequate but impossible: people evolve into three-dimensional figures almost irrespective of their creator's intentions. The test for any short-story writer turned novelist is whether he can aid this process without forfeiting sharpness and originality. Will his insight equal his gift for observation? Can he allow his characters to grow, and surprise the reader, without losing parental control? In successive books, Angus Wilson has continually grappled with the same formal problem. In *No Laughing Matter* he has come close to solving it by unusual means.

His first novel, *Hemlock and After* (1952), was in this respect only partially successful. The plot hinged on an almost anecdotal "revelation," and although this made possible a sympathetic study of the central character, those surrounding him were mainly "supporting players," recalling an Orson Welles or Donald Wolfit production of Shakespeare, all star and no firmament. Far more impressive, because much richer, was *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* (1956)—one of the few novels I know that plausibly re-create the world of scholarship (as distinct from that of the campus), and a warmly understanding treatment of the academic conscience. By now, Wilson's technical mastery enabled him to tackle stiffer challenges: a woman's inner world, in *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot* (1958); a fantasy about the future, in *The Old Men at the Zoo* (1961); and the lower-middle-class society of a "new town," in *Late Call* (1964).

With these achievements behind him, it might have been tempting to settle into the role of a traditionalist novelist; and with British publishers as eager as their American counterparts for the Great National Novel, the pressure for a saga—if only in one volume—is strong.

At first sight, this is what *No Laughing Matter* appears to be. It spans half a century, from before the First World War until 1967; it recounts the adventures of six children, sons and daughters of a pretentiously "charming" mother and her dim, ineffectual husband, a minor literary journalist. The family is brilliantly credible (Angus Wilson himself was the youngest of six sons). Its members' various forays into the outside world bring together many segments of British society and many phases of recent history: the life of the 1914-1918 trenches; the clubland survivors from Edwardian literature; postwar Oxford; the women's rights movement; the Bright Young Things of the 1920's; left-wing politics and journalism; the maneuvers of shady financiers; theatrical touring companies and the metropolitan stage; fascist marches in the East End of London; homosexual circles both sordid and "aesthetic"; the cinema; the art world; law courts and prisons; a school in the country; refugees from Hitler; Second World War evacuees in provincial hotels; literary lectures; travel in Europe and North Africa; middle-aged expatriates in Portugal; roving television newscasters; the 1967 teen-age scene. With so wide a range, the book resembles a British Museum in itself, a teeming time capsule from its author's own period.

The American publishers liken *No Laughing Matter* to *The Forsyte Saga*, and even to *The Constant Nymph*. True, they point out that the comparison suggests "a contrast as much as a likeness," but even this seems neither flattering nor just. In fact, the book easily transcends such categorization. Far from being a lumbering cavalcade of British history or a touching portrait of "in-

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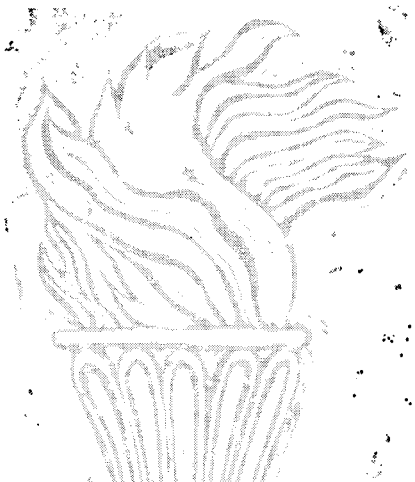

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corrigible individualists," *No Laughing Matter* is in many respects an experimental novel that uses dazzling freehand technique to enter deeply into the nature of personality and perception, revealing more thoroughly than any of Angus Wilson's previous work the complex responses, the image-making, mimesis, parody, and unconscious feedback that inform a family entity, its reality compounded of heredity, rebellion, bravado, and private dreams.

EVER SINCE he began writing novels, Wilson has experimented with other forms. In 1953 he published "A Scrapbook of the Twenties," *For Whom the Cloche Tolls*. Two years later came a play, *The Mulberry Bush*; then a further collection of short stories, *A Bit Off the Map* (1957); then a "critical autobiographical study," *The Wild Garden* (1963). All showed his restless inventiveness —an unflagging sprightly energy that clearly makes him dissatisfied with the conventional novels he could so competently produce. *No Laughing Matter* is similarly restless, its narrative interspersed with playlets, family fantasies, hilarious parodies, pastiches of the novels written by one of its characters, and revealing daydreams that both advance the plot and give it deeper resonance. The sheer display is astonishing; yet such is the author's control of what he is doing that the reader's patience and confidence are always held.

A good example is the opening sequence, with the family returning from the Wild West Exhibition in West Kensington on a hot July afternoon before the First World War. All the children and several of the grown-ups are immersed in their own thoughts, molding their reveries about the future to the exciting alien world they have just seen. The prose broods along like children's make-believe in lengthy ruminative periods a little in the manner of the later Saul Bellow, stirring fact and vision into one smoky reality. Each of the Wild West daydreams communicates something about the dreamer; each intertwines with the others in ways that will survive their childhood. Later, more knowing, the children enact imitations of their elders, playing a private game to which they regress at painful mo-

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ments of their adult lives. Their play illuminates the children and their role-seeking nature; it also reveals their ambivalent feelings about their parents and—very subtly— further nuances in the parents' lives. More obviously, some scenes elsewhere are written as drawing-room comedies, similar to those in which one of the family becomes a matinee idol: here the subtleties are blurred, as they tend to be in his own divided mind.

Most tellingly of all, another of the family becomes a novelist; and some of the story is narrated obliquely, through the fictitious family into which she transposes experience too poignant to face directly. In her there may be analogies with the author. "It was just that hissing in those early stories that, for all the critics' praises, she couldn't bear. . . . She had spent more than a quarter of a century since then trying to adapt the tongue to poetry, to attune the ear to deeper music than mere mimicry." There may be a touch of self-mockery here but there's surely a note of sincerity as well.

ONE OF Wilson's strengths has always been his great skill as a ventriloquist. It's this that makes his dialogue and his playlets so thoroughly convincing; except, at times, for the precise words of period popular songs, he has an unerring ear. Yet this asset is occasionally a weakness. When his intentness falters, he sometimes begins to coast along on dialogue close to a Peter Sellers parody, especially when dealing with low-life characters or with those he plainly finds obnoxious. An instance of the former in this book is an almost "comic Cockney" servant; of the latter, a shifty sponger who leaves his mistress in the lurch. The scenes in which she, to protect him, gets involved in fraud and goes to prison are gripping but finally implausible: so practical a girl, one feels, could never have been fooled by quite so perfunctory a caricature. He and other minor characters belong more truly to the world of Angus Wilson's sparkling and venomous short stories; but the dissatisfaction one feels with them is a measure of the truth and vividness in the rest of this witty, profound, and very considerable work.

"A fascinating book and a contribution of brilliant and indispensable importance."
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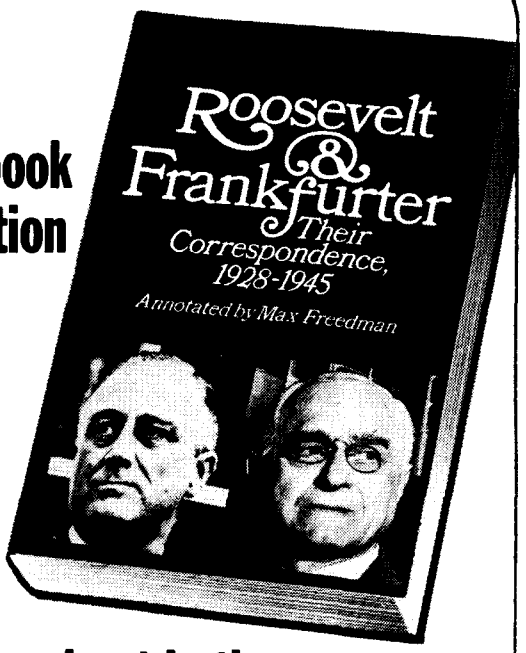

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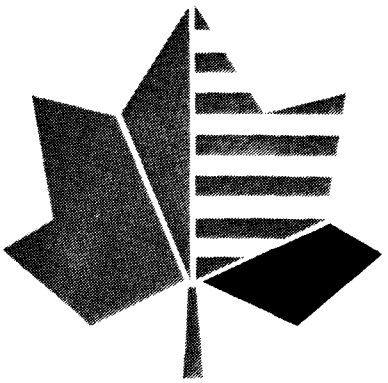

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Two Masters of Cinema

ROBERT SKLAR

HITCHCOCK, by François Truffaut. *Simon and Schuster. $10.*

Alfred Hitchcock speaking, in this extraordinary book, with the French film director François Truffaut: "I've always felt a complete identification with the feelings of a person who's arrested, taken to the police station in a police van and who, through the bars of the moving vehicle, can see people going to the theatre, coming out of a bar, and enjoying the comforts of everyday living; I can even picture the driver joking with his police partner, and I feel terrible about it."

This is the record of a week-long exchange between Hitchcock and Truffaut, interpreted by Helen G. Scott and accompanied by nearly five hundred photographs, and it is likely to become a classic book on the art of the film. Hitchcock's approach, as Truffaut remarks, is anti-literary and purely cinematic, and no book before this one has made a better case for Hitchcock's genius or for the French "author" theory of film directorship—the idea that great directors, despite the collaborative nature of the film enterprise, create and control the form and imagery of their films. "You might say that a film-maker can use a telephone booth," Hitchcock gives as an example, "pretty much in the same way a novelist uses a blank piece of paper."

BUT the most fascinating and important aspect of Truffaut's *Hitchcock* is the way it reveals the psychology of Hitchcock's cinema. The psychological effect of cinema is something every moviegoer feels, nowhere more pervasively than at a Hitchcock movie, but few have adequately explained. In his indispensable *What Is Cinema?*, André Bazin has given one of the clearest accounts of it. The essence of cinema psychology, according to Bazin, is our capacity for identification with the human images on the screen. In the theatre we are present at a performance, but the movie exists as a separate world in time and space. We watch a play with active minds, a moving picture with receptive imaginations.

If a stage actress is sexually appealing, Bazin says, she is a real person, and the spectator will envy the actor who embraces her. But if the moviegoer is attracted by an actress on the screen, his self-identification with the hero will make the love scenes satisfying to him. Hitchcock more than anyone else is acutely aware of this, and with his own special sense of irony. Speaking of the long kissing scene in *Notorious*, he tells Truffaut: "The public was being given the great privilege of embracing Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman together. It was a kind of temporary *ménage à trois*."

For Hitchcock, visual artistry is never separate from its calculated effect upon his audience. "I feel it's tremendously satisfying for us to be able to use the cinematic art to achieve something of a mass emotion. And with *Psycho* we most definitely achieved this. It wasn't a message that stirred the audience, nor was it a great performance or their enjoyment of the novel. They were aroused by pure film." It is almost as if the work of art were not the images on the screen but the ebb and flow of audience emotion. "*Psycho* has a very interesting construction and that game with the audience was fascinating. I was directing the viewers. You might say I was playing them, like an organ."

THERE ARE many in Hitchcock's audience who resent the tunes he tries to play on their emotions, and the controversies over Hitchcock's reputation have centered more on his emotional ends than on the technical virtuosity or visual beauty of his cinematic means. If long embraces between Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman served Hitchcock as his principal method for arousing audience emotions, there would be no legitimate controversy. But sex plays only a subordinate role in Hitchcock's game.

He is probing instead into deeper and more murky realms of the human unconscious, into the themes of human fear and guilt—probing so persistently over his forty-year career that, though candid about individual films, he is taken aback at the evidence that he repeats his themes over and over again. But as Truffaut insists, a similar situation occurs in nearly every Hitchcock movie: an innocent person is accused of a crime he did not commit, or an innocent bystander is involved in a mystery he has no inkling about. Yet even the innocent person is in some way guilty, by having desired to commit a crime or intruding where he does not belong—the guilt of too much knowledge.

Hitchcock's true genius lies in his capacity of transferring these emotions of falsely accused innocence and secret guilt from the screen to the audience. He does this through the simple psychological devices of the cinema, by letting his audience identify itself with heroes and with villains, with rectitude and with illicit desires. But he does it as well in far more subtle ways, by providing the audience with knowledge the screen characters do not have, by implicating the audience in the injustices on the screen, by making us guilty, if not of desiring to commit a crime, then of knowing the truth and being impotent to act.

THIS IS a heavy load of psychological profundity to place on so humorous and ironic a man, but Hitchcock is capable of articulating it picture by picture if not in the round, and he candidly admits its origins in his own fears and guilt feelings, as in the quotation that opens this review. The chief problem is that Hitchcock's films can arouse our feelings of guilt and fear and to some degree control them, but they do not enable us to understand our emotions or to master them. They provide, in an old-fashioned word, no catharsis. What Truffaut's *Hitchcock* does not answer is whether this absence of psychological or dramatic purgation is an aspect of Hitchcock's artistry or a limitation in the form of the film itself.

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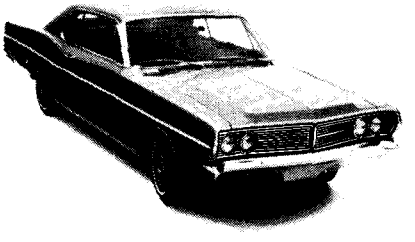

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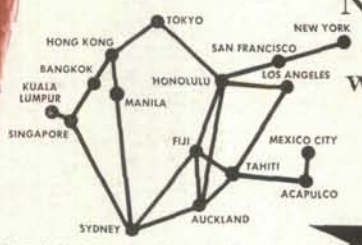

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